



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Tributes to Robb White” – “Spring Sail”
“Fay & Bowen Engine Company”

Volume 24 – Number 7

August 15, 2006



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Tributes to Robb White

(A selection from readers received as of press time July 12)



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On the Cover...

Walt Donaldson's 28' New Haven Sharpie aground at low tide off Florida's St. George Island while enroute to the Cortez Small Craft Festival last spring. Walt has a full report of his two week solo cruise in this issue.

The sudden death in May of iconic boatbuilder and Southern raconteur Robb White on a Thomasville, Georgia, hospital operating table was shocking and heart-breaking. Following so soon after his appearance April 1-2 at the inaugural Greater Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival at Cortez, Florida, it seemed simply unfair that so sensible a voice as Robb's could be silenced by the procedure of implanting a stent to relieve a clotted blood vessel.

To many faithful readers of his columns in *Messing About in Boats* and *Maine Boats, Homes, and Harbors*, it probably seemed that, if left to his own devices, Robb could have manufactured the necessary appliance from his legendary backyard workshop's inventory and installed it himself with an internist's assistance. That, of course, is a ridiculous and apocryphal statement, as would be any attempt to define Robb White.

As a boat builder he was an ardent champion of tulip poplar (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) as suitable for his craft and quietly proved that assertion with launch after launch of singular vessels built of the wood harvested from his own trees. None flouted his claim more proudly than the Rescue Minor, his 20', tunnel-stern, open motor

launch that resurrected the design genius of William Atkin while safely navigating water as shoal as 6". Doubters of that claim need only refer to page 47 of the March/April 2006 issue of *WoodenBoat* magazine which shows Robb calmly steering Rescue Minor next (and I do mean "next," not "near") to a Panhandle Florida shoreline. Clearly visible in the photograph are seaweed and the little sand ripples formed by waves in the shallow water.

During the Cortez event in April the favorite vantage point Robb and his wife, Jane, chose for viewing the festivities arrayed along the working waterfront was in the shallows adjoining a red mangrove island, well away from the frenzy.

My attempts to join them on *Juniper*, my 34' Chesapeake deadrise cruiser with its 2' draft, were foiled well short of the shallows Rescue Minor freely floated above.

Following the banquet celebrating the various awards won by exhibitors at the inaugural Cortez event, Robb entertained the audience with readings from his writing. Dipping into published works that included his book, *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, published by Hyperion in 2003, he kept his audience in stitches, bringing to a fitting finish a

day of celebrating what all in attendance had traveled to honor, the craft of building and the joy of sharing and using small wooden boats.

No one evoked those delights more ably and eloquently than Robb White whose essays ranged in subject from the private to the political but never deviated far from a personal compass course that, above all, celebrated family, his own, and his wider audience of fellow lovers of wooden boats. Despite his many accomplishments Robb remained humble, patiently suffering fans and fools alike with no hint of condescension or discrimination. He treated everyone as equals, including this fellow columnist and writer.

Somehow it seems particularly fitting that the final boat Robb launched, and delivered to its proud new owner in May at the annual Cedar Keys small boat messabout, was named *Swann Song*. True to its heritage, it was built of Robb's favorite fiber tulip poplar.

Allan Horton, Nokomis, FL

I heard via the WoodenBoat Forum about Robb White and I figured you find a nice way of saying goodbye. You did.

I grew up in south Florida in the '40s and early '50s, a lone Damn Yankee kid among an overwhelming number of Florida Crackers. Somewhere in my younger years the local librarian had turned me on to Robb White (the father of *MAIB*'s Robb White), the author. I adored his book about the lion's paw shell and I'd hunted for it to no avail for my children. Only later did I find it as a used book and sent it belatedly out to my kids who circulated it among themselves. And so, lately, I came to *MAIB* and our Robb White.

Robb White drew back the curtain on the culture of Florida (south Georgia being not terribly different) Cracker life as rich, close, petulant, deeply religious toward nature, never able to pass up a joke, and a penchant for the higher art of story telling. He was never able to avoid the responsibility of pointing out the disgrace that so many developers and others (including Damn Yankees and Crackers of another sort) have made of that once rich place, Florida. I'm forever smarting that I was taught to never eat mullet. Robb White knew better and he knew as a gourmet. In so many ways he'll be greatly missed by me.

Dick Burnham, Cummington, MA

I am sorry you never got to meet Robb in person. He was as fun to be around as he was to read and Jane is just about as sweet a person as one could ever hope to meet. I met them both twice, once in Sewanee, Tennessee, this past winter when he gave a talk on "General Naturalists" and again at the Apalachicola Antique Boat Show. My wife, Kathy, and I were married at the courthouse there in Apalach on the Friday before the show and the townsfolk kind of made a big deal out of it on Saturday night when Robb spoke again at a local eatery. Kathy and I had the good fortune to sit at the same table with Jane and Robb and the citizenry made our elopement an unforgettable experience.

I've been one of Robb's pen pals for a couple of years and I live up here a few miles from Henry Champagney. We rode over to Sewanee together, as a matter of fact. I know you know how bad I feel about his passing. I got a brief little email from him, too, with the

subject line "Dadblame Dickens." As a southerner I am afraid of the void Robb will leave in the nautical literature.

It occurred to me the other day that a tribute we might make to Robb would be to have the Robb White Annual Imitation Writing competition, with the prize being to have the winner's piece published in *MAIB*. They have a similar competition in Key West with Hemingway as the model. They have a real good of it down there and maybe we could, too.

Brad Ansley, Tallassee, TN

Thank you for your memorial for Robb White. In his essay, *Nature of 1836*, Ralph Waldo Emerson offers some thoughts which apply:

"For nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs is overspread with melancholy today. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population."

And:

"As we go back in history, language becomes more picturesque, until its infancy when it is all poetry, or all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are found to make the original elements of all languages. It has moreover been observed that the idioms of all languages approach each other in passages of the greatest eloquence and power. And as this is the first language, so is it the last. This immediate dependence of language upon nature, this conversion of an outward phenomenon into a type of somewhat in human life, never loses its power to affect us. It is this which gives that piquancy to the conversation of a strong-natured farmer or backwoodsman, which all men relish."

You have done us all a favor in bringing Robb's musings on life with boats to us. Do you suppose these could be collected and made available in a convenient format?

Philip K.Thiel, Seattle, WA

The news of Robb White's passing over the bar was indeed a shock. I couldn't begin to describe how much I enjoyed reading his stories. I read most of them aloud to my wife which she also enjoys immensely. She is a very capable reader but is not inclined to pick up an issue of *MAIB* for perusal. We will miss Robb's writings. I think of him as a person I would like to have had as a friend. But when we are not young anymore and we live on opposite ends of the continent, the chance for us to meet one another is slim.

John Hopping, Bothell, WA

I've been tempted to write something for *Messing About* for several years but never quite got around to it. Hearing of Robb White's death, I had to write. I had called my partner, Steve Kaulback, to read over the phone what Robb had written about him and our boats. For a few moments Steve and I were talking past each other... he thought I was talking about the article about Robb's death. I was talking about

Robb's comments on Steve and our boats at the show in Cortez.

Hearing Steve's news, my heart sank. I so enjoyed Robb's articles. Frequently, on trips to boat shows, the three pieces of reading material I'd take along were *Messing About*, *WoodenBoat*, and *The New Yorker*. Guess which magazine always got fully read? Guess which ones not so much?

For some reason, I'm sure it wasn't nautical, I particularly enjoy reading *MAIB* in the bath. Put a bowl of grapes on the edge of the tub, my reading glasses on, a washrag behind my head and Robb White's writings on the pages of *Messing About*. It was always pretty much the perfect bath.

I had urged Steve to do the Cortez show, partly so that he and Robb could meet. I'm glad it happened, sorry they didn't get to take boats out on the water. I had made a mental note to drop in with boats when passing through Georgia.

Maybe I still will... but it won't be for the same purpose.

Does anyone have recordings of what his voice sounded like? I'd love to hear him speak. Steve once gave me a tape of John Gardner speaking. Damn if Gardner didn't speak just like Abraham Lincoln. Iambic pentameter, passionate iambic pentameter. I'm not guessing that Robb spoke that way, but I'd enjoy hearing however it was that he did sound.

David Rosen, Adirondack Guideboat, Charlotte, VT

On the early evening of June 26 it has rained for four days straight with another five days of rain forecasted. I just received the June 15 issue this afternoon. When I opened up to your editorial page it hit like a ton of bricks. Whoever said words do not cut like a sword did not feel the heart punch I felt when I saw the picture of Robb and those words "In Memoriam Robb White." I just feel so bad and empty right now. My sincerest sympathy and love goes to Jane, Wes, Sam, and family. This just can't be. It ain't right and it ain't fair.

Robb, through his letters and stories on your pages, was like a dear and close friend to me, as he was to most of the readers. I just don't know how to put into words what some old salt and his bi-weekly exploits meant to me. I dug where he was coming from. To me, Robb was the modern day equivalent of Mark Twain. If you don't believe me, please check out Twain's works, especially *Life On the Mississippi*. I swear you could feel Robb in those words Twain wrote so long ago.

Thank you for introducing Robb into our lives. And thanks to you for bringing every other writer who contributed to our magazine throughout the years! Long may they and you run! Tonight I will say a prayer to God to look over Robb's wife, Jane, and family and I'll make a point to ask God to look after Robb as I'm sure Robb probably has some ideas on how to change things, beginning with the discussion on why He invented plywood in the first place! I am going to miss that man so much. Boy, it just really hurts right there in this ole heart.

With great sympathy and sincerity,
Michael Notigan, Bordentown, NJ

P.S. Are there any thoughts on compiling all of Robb's writings from Day One up to his last contributions and publishing them? I think it would be wonderful to have all of his

stories in one book. I want to introduce Robb to my family and boating friends. I would think many readers would feel the same.

In December of 1963 I wrote my first letter of condolence expressing my admiration for someone I'd never met (but did hear speak in the '60 campaign). I just finished my second, to the White family, who seemed like friends after their frequent portrayals in the ramblings of a truly excellent writer. His accomplishments are obvious, but how much we'll all miss hearing from him will become more evident with time.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

Shocked is right! I turned directly to the Cortez article in the June 15 issue because I had hoped to go to the event and was excited to read Robb's article. Then I turned to your "Commentary." I am deeply saddened at Robb's death, a man I felt I knew, but never met.

I grew up in Marblehead in the Town Class fleet. Since then many tides and boats have come and gone. My solution to "chronic boat fever" is a sailing version of a Mason Smith Adirondack Goodboat built in 1998. It is easy to launch, sail, row, and power with my trusty 3hp Johnson 1954 motor, bought new for \$90 with paper route savings. Sorry, Robb, it is not an Evinrude! I was delighted to read Robb's article about his Evinrude motor.

I will miss Robb... his writing, his love of boats, motors, and family... and his sense of humor ("... smoking a well lit cigar as big as the turd of a Labrador retriever.") Wherever Robb is, I hope he took along a few of those cigars, if not to smoke, then at least to pass around to departed *MAIB* readers.

Bill Stocker, Sandwich, MA

The purpose of this letter is to commiserate with you on the death of Robb White. I have been a subscriber to *MAIB* for several years and have always found Robb's articles the best of what the magazine has had to offer. I have loved his unruly prose style, his wit, his effective employment of the vernacular, the depth of his nautical and other experience, his discursive but always interesting mind, and the sense he conveyed of being a really extraordinary person. For his critics I have nothing but disdain. I cannot imagine how you can replace him.

Again, I am terribly sorry about Robb White.

J. Kellum Smith, Jr., Saranac, NY

Like so many others, I was stunned to read about Robb's death. He was such a voice for good sense and reason and there was nobody quite like him. Readers like me came to know about him through *Messing About in Boats*, so a lot of us would first have labeled him a boating guy. But that would be a mistake. In truth, Robb White wasn't really talking just about boats and boaters, or fishing, or outboard motors, or any of the other topics that were launching pads for the dozens of his letters and essays. What Robb was really talking about all the time was the human condition. And in my book he was one of the best. He was a great guy. He will be greatly missed. I am

really happy to have known him through his writing.

What can be done to collect and preserve and keep in print the best of Robb White's writings? I know some of it is already done, the *Tin Canoe*, etc., but how about the rest?

C.B. Kaufmann, Block Island, RI

It is hard to express my shock at reading your June 15 "Commentary." My sympathy goes out to the White family and all your readers who enjoyed Robb's stories as much as I did. I felt a kinship with him that I can't describe. We will miss him.

William Ford, Tigard, OR

I will miss Robb White. I enjoyed his opinionated homespun ramblings. I first came in contact with Robb when he advertised in *MAIB*. I had what he was looking for, called him, talked about what I had. I had no idea of what to charge him but sent it to him anyway. I received \$50 in the return mail, along with an article or two that he had written. After reading them I called to suggest that he send them to *MAIB*. I guess he did. The rest is history.

Richard Garnjost, Easton, PA

I picked up my June 15 issue of *MAIB* this morning and, when I flipped to see what the editor had to share with us, felt as if I'd been punched in the gut. Robb White gone? The world is smaller and less interesting now. I haven't felt so bereft since my mother died six months ago, and that I could see coming. This was not what I expected to be reading on this warm and sunny Seattle morning.

All I can say is for y'all whose writing make this magazine what it is, take good care of yourselves and keep up the good work. With Robb gone we need you more than ever.

Dave Cox, Bellevue, WA

I just heard about Robb White via Tom Papell via Myron Young via you at the Mystic Small Craft Workshop. I am utterly floored. It's not right and only goes to prove that only the good die young. I will really miss his input and corresponding with him. I think in memorial I will take up his banner of the Horsepower Tax. It is his greatest contribution to the ongoing conversation and I shall carry on the flag.

Brian Salzano, E. Patchogue, NY

So sad a final story. A terrible loss for his family and a tragedy for the many readers who grew to know him and enjoy him so much. Once he was our friend and now we have lost a friend. I am very sorry.

Ross Keller, Newburyport, MA

After reading in the June 15 issue that Robb White had passed away I felt it was time to write to express my appreciation for your magazine. The many stories, particularly those of Robb, have brought quite a few chuckles and brightened up an otherwise dreary time in here. In 15 months, when I am released and get back to work, I plan on some messing about adventures of my own.

Charles Dasher, Mayo, FL

It is with a very heavy heart that I write this letter. The world has lost a very unique individual, a very talented craftsman, and a great speaker and writer. There are too few people in this world with the qualities that Robb White possessed. At first I didn't care for his writing, but then I began to note that perhaps he did know what he was writing about. It then became apparent that he used his humor to make an otherwise mundane subject interesting. Who hasn't had trouble with fuel filters, tail lights, and outboard motors? Robb wrote about them in a way from which we could learn about them and also laugh about them. When I disagreed with him I would write him a note and tell him. He always answered and his reply was always a classic.

My heart goes out to his family, they and the readers of *MAIB* have suffered a great loss. God bless them.

Matthew Augugliaro, Smiths Creek, MI

I was devastated to hear of the loss of Robb White. We all have lost a wonderful, creative, productive, and uniquely individual person, but the loss to family has to be particularly tragic. How painful. We will miss him for a long time! The whole story struck really close to home because two years ago my wife underwent a similar operation, the placement of a stent over an aneurysm in her internal carotid artery. It is so sad that a similar operation ended Robb's life!

Hermann Gucinski, Fairview NC

I was more than a bit shocked to find out about Robb White's death. He came across as so vital and full of beans that it is hard to take in. Among other matters, I was looking forward to his reaction to my interpretation of William Atkins' Rescue Minor design. I have just set up the frames.

Mark Nelson, Hillsboro, OR

We took delivery of *Swann Song*, the last boat Robb White built, at the Appalachian show. Were it not for *MAIB*, my acquaintance and friendship with Robb would never have happened.

Steven Swann, Stuart, FL

Honoring Mr. Bill Narby's opinion (*MAIB*, June 15, 2006) regarding Robb White's writing style and Robb's editorial use of "profanity," I would like to respectfully offer a counterpoint.

I am sure Robb never used profanity in an attempt to offend his readers. I believe Mr. Narby would agree. Rather, Robb expressed himself as the Free Spirit that he was, his language reflecting an honesty and straightforwardness so refreshing in this era of politically correct expression. His word pictures could be "salty" at times, but to this reader, never offensive.

Jack Nicholson once said, "My mother never saw the irony in calling me a son-of-a-bitch." This phrase just doesn't have the same color when rephrased as, "My mother never saw the irony of calling me the male progeny of woman who gave birth out of wedlock."

"Profane" is in the eye of the beholder. In reality, if we are offended by what we hear or read, we have made a choice to be so,

since no one can upset us without our consent. Robb's articles were the first thing I turned to when receiving a new edition of *MAIB*. His prose INEVITABLY brought a smile to my face. Irreverent? At times. Informative and delightfully candid? Always. Vulgar and obscene? Never. (If one wants to get into a dialogue about vulgarity and obscenity, let's talk about what unbridled corporate greed is doing to our economy and environment!)

As Robb might have said, "Everyone is entitled to my opinion," and, "If you don't want me stepping on your toes, move your damn foot!"

Smooth seas and faire winds, Robb. You will be sorely missed by this reader.

Dr. Ed Kesgen, Sylva, NC

Recalling how often Robb White's prose brightened your pages, the best way I can express my support for you in this sorrowful time is to renew my subscription.

Jock Yellott, Charlottesville, VA

I was sorry to hear the news of Robb White's untimely death. His humor, wisdom, and experience will be sadly missed. He was an "Original Character" in the very best sense of that expression and his stories, news, opinions, biology lessons, and wood expertise will remain in our memories.

Conbert Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

Sorry about Robb White, he was a great contributor. We'll miss him. I looked forward to meeting him some day, perhaps on that final voyage out.

Deke Ullian, Cotuit, MA

I would like to add my voice to those who will deeply mourn the passing of our good friend Robb White. Although I spoke to him only once by telephone, as time passed and his wonderful stories became a sought after treat, I began to feel that he had become a personal friend of mine, no doubt a feeling that many other readers share.

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

Thanks to All Our Messing About Family

Today when we got Robb's copies of the June 15 issue, the mailbox was full (at least 25) of the most genuine and sincere expressions of shared grief and loss. Thank you for your In Memoriam and thanks to all our Messing About family for your support.

Jane White & Family,
Thomasville, GA

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Activities & Events...

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May the rains cease so you can get her sanded, caulked, painted, varnished, and in the water for the 24th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival! The date: August 19-20; the place: Hawthorne Cove Marina in the heart of historic Salem, Massachusetts. Come share your classic with others and meet kindred spirits. Canoe, runabout, cabin cruiser, and all types of sailboats are welcome. Boats don't have to be in show condition.

Special this year, we have invited the celebrated commuter *Aphrodite* and the contemporary torpedo-stem commuters *Liberty* and Billy Joel's *Vendetta* to join us.

Boats, Homes & Harbors magazine has cited our festival as the best of its kind. It's fun and informal. You can come by water or trailer her. The fee includes two nights' dockage, Friday evening's buffet supper and entertainment, a continental breakfast on Sunday morning, the Festival burgee honoring a long time participant, and a ditty bag of sundry surprises, plus a good time, new friends, and tips on caring for your boat!

Our roster of judges includes boat builders, designers, surveyors, writers, and historians. Judging is optional, informal, and a way to meet the experts.

The Festival is produced by a dedicated team of classic boat owners and aficionados. Our mission is to encourage you to restore and maintain the classic craft and create a venue in which to educate the public about its maritime heritage.

A 60-minute DVD of the 2004 Festival with sound, captions, and credits is available from Scott Works (adscott@fairpoint.net, (207) 933-2220, \$20 with \$10 going to the Festival!

Pat Wells, Somerville, MA



Adventures & Experiences...

"Never Say Never"

I suspect we all have said that at one time or other. I bought my first sailboat almost seven decades ago. She was a 12½' semi V-bottom wooden cat boat. Someone told me she was a Black Cat, I have never heard of one since. My mother took the only picture of her. I think she was sold when I was in the Pacific.

After the war I continued my education and began sailboat racing, even owned a wooden Star boat for a year. With a growing family and still sailing occasionally, I bought a wooden Snipe and two wooden Turnabouts to teach my children to sail. I continued to race in Snipes, Lasers, Banshees, etc. and eventually bought a 32' Swedish-built Albin cruising/racer. All these boats were constructed of fiberglass.

About a decade ago I started downsizing to smaller fiberglass boats. Last year I came across a pretty 14½' Bahaman Dinghy. She is a wooden boat and was built over four decades ago in the Bahamas. After sailing her last fall I had a long list of changes I wanted to make while retaining her original characteristics and character (these boats originally were work boats.) I began a restoration and repair project this last winter in an unheated boat shed. The list is not completed but it is time to go sailing.

Oh yes, I said I would never own a wooden boat again. Aha!

Ralph G. Eldridge, Charlestown, RI

Ships I Have Known

The *S/S Dallington Court* (London). I joined her in Cardiff, Wales, and took her light ship to Newport News, Virginia, in November 1947. We rolled/bounced the whole 3,000 miles for three weeks, three of which I was sick as a dog, being a farm boy doing my National Service (conscription).

We loaded coal in Newport News and went down to Rio. Took quite a time to discharge compared with the four days it took to load in Newport News. Then we went to Port Alagre to load part cargo of wheat for India. We then went down to Rio Grande to finish loading our 10,000 tons. Being Mardi Gras in Brazil, it was quite an eye opener for this farm boy.

Then off over to India via Africa (Durban) for coal bunkers. She was a flush deck coal burner with rod and chain steering and a great big quadrant on her stern. She was about 22 years old at the time. She only stopped at sea twice and then for only an hour or so. I've been in new motor ships that have stopped for a lot longer. Then over to Bombay/Rangoon for six months with rice.

We then went down to Australia for wheat and had to wait for four months for a new crop? But rolling down to Sydney across the bight was no joke, the focs'l bell would ring without the pendulum being touched.

We then went up to England via Africa's west coast, bunkering first at Durban, then Tenerife, then home to Liverpool after 18 months. It was quite a trip as a 17½-year-old boy to start my ten years in the British Merchant Service and certainly one I shall never forget.

Daniel Tyler, Brasher Falls, NY

Information Wanted...

Not an Amateur Boat Builder

Some comments regarding Kent Lacey's letter and your response in the June 15 issue. You are mistaken in describing Davis Griffith as an amateur boat builder. He's been a professional boat builder for at least three decades, having worked the joiner shop at Graves' in Marblehead as well as for other wooden boat builders. Nowadays he also builds coffins and does other special wood and metalworking. He worked on building the schooner *Fame* and among other things did the caprails. These have a great deal of shape and sweep up the pinked stern. There are gains on the underside which house the stanchions and the joints are scarphed. Davis got them out and installed without wasted time or effort. The scarphs are dead tight three years later. Davis is a friend but in spite of that a man of integrity and ability.

Mr. Lacey wonders whether Davis can make the ends of his coffins more pointy, can make them watertight, or provide oarlocks. Certainly! Indeed he is fully qualified to make patterns and have oarlocks cast to suit the taste of the future defunct or to provide bilge keels or whatever else is desired. He also possesses one of the last remaining inventors of gronicles. Gronicles furnish fitting finials for the finished.

Not surprisingly, Mr. Lacey expresses resistance to purchasing his own coffin. As human beings we regard death with mixed and changing emotions. Early on life is so appealing, contemplation of our own death fills us with revulsion. In youth death seems only desirable for other people, perhaps people in eastern Massachusetts whose driving habits annoy us or people who afflict us with their rados.

As we mature many friends and acquaintances take up death leaving us lonelier and in an ever smaller circle. We tire more quickly and the routine excites us less. Inevitably we come to embrace our own death. This pattern is analogous to my take on golf. Years ago I couldn't see the attraction. Motorcycling or sailing in gales, yes, but golf, no. There's been a 180° turn. As a mature man I fully intend to take up golf but I plan to be dead for a few years first to cultivate the requisite energy and enthusiasm. Davis' coffin is to be the first purchase for my future golf kit.

In closing, I would strongly recommend that Mr. Lacey purchase one of Davis' coffins. Instead of leaving resentful relatives footing the final bill, a happy and surprised family could say that you paid your own way at last. A sprit rig makes sense as the climate is bound to be more tropical and such a sail can be quickly rigged as an awning. Last but not least is the fact that all of Davis' coffins come with an unconditional lifetime guarantee.

Captain Gnat

It Was Inevitable

I guess it was inevitable! From time to time Robb White included hunting and fishing tips in his articles. So now on page 102 of the June/July issue of *Outdoor Life* is an article, "How to build Your Own Boat," and a handsome craft it is.

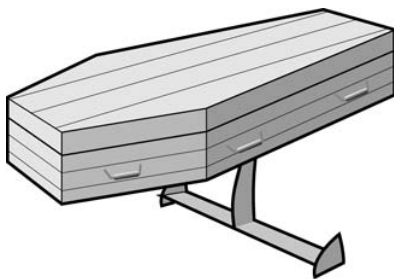
What's next? "The Wood Boat Builder, Our Next Endangered Species?" in the *Journal of Marine Biology*?

John Parks, Sacramento, CA

Behold the Flasket

This special craft pictured may be slightly slower than the Flyak.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL



Opinions...

Oil on the Water

The letters concerning "oil on the water" (June 15 issue) ignore the reality of the world. People should be reminded that long before man invented the internal combustion engine you could find oil sheens on the water. Titusville, Pennsylvania, is the site of the first oil well drilled by a man named Edwin Drake. He drilled adjacent to a stream called Oil Creek. It was called thus because of the natural oil springs that "polluted" the water. The phenomena had been recorded by early explorers who found this wonderful valley. The fish, wildlife, vegetation, etc. do not seem upset and continued doing their thing. And the area is now a state park with hiking, camping, and all the rest.

For those interested in natural upwelling of petroleum, use the term "petroleum springs" in a Google search and start reading. The University of Kentucky's web site has a very comprehensive listing at: <http://www.uky.edu/KGS/emsweb/history/predrake.htm> entitled, "Oil and Gas History of Kentucky: 1629 to Drake!"

Bunker C spills are a matter of concern. A few ounces here and there that evaporate are not good, but they are nothing compared to what nature does all the time.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Nasty Ring-a-Ding Outboards

Back to those nasty ring-a-ding two-stroke outboards. A friend has gone vegetarian mixing veggie oil rather than two-stroke petroleum oil in his vintage (pre-oil injection) two-stroke motorcycles. While he hasn't exactly logged 100,000 miles yet, he's seen no increase in wear or fouling of plugs, using everything from canola oil to olive oil. Yes, he still emits a plume of unburned gasoline and vegetable oil, but at least it smells nice.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY

Biodegradable Lubricant?

If we can run even powerful automobile engines on fuel that used to be a cow flop or a corn plant, there must be somebody around who could devise a biodegradable lubricant that could take that quick trip through a two-cycle outboard combustion chamber without damaging either the motor or the good fishing water (and drinking water) that is certainly important to me, too.

The simplicity of my 3hp kicker should not be discarded so easily. I have trusted my life to it on a number of occasions and it got me home very reliably.

I am so sick and tired of people who charge around very small lakes with lightweight boats driven by 225hp outboards, often within a few feet of families in small boats. And now, these overgrown two-year-olds are blaming us for ruining the boating waters.

Roland Boepple, Huntington Beach, CA

Projects...

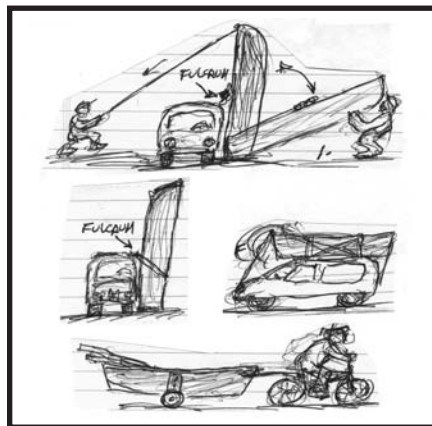
Car Topping Not Any Easier

Car topping a boat hasn't gotten any easier as car tops get higher up. I could push up our Grumman skiff, then pull it atop our Corvair with lashed oars OK except for a few scratches on top, but with the van lashing to hold the fulcrum (and easier lifting) leaves it right side up.

Not to worry. Once up and turned and lashed down, yes, water builds up in a North Carolina rainstorm, just slam on the brakes and the water sloshes out. But if it doesn't, stop and siphon it out with a piece of hose.

It's easier to bolt on wheels and tow a boat with a bicycle, swivel hitch at seat post, at least for short distances, deeper puddles and steeper ramps.

Jim Hodges, Wilmington, DE



New Steering for Samuel Clyde

My son Bill and I just installed a new Teleflex hydraulic steering control in the Samuel Clyde. The old Teleflex system seemed to lose its crispness and sort of steered like my Model A Ford. The biggest job was to get the right unit to fit the dashboard and the steering in the back. However, running the tubes was a piece of cake. We just put a line on the Teleflex cable and used it to pull the tubes back in. When I built the Samuel Clyde, we installed a 2" wireway in areas that would be inaccessible when finished.

The older Mercruiser unit had a ram that was made to fit and screw right on the steering tube on the transom plate. At one point I thought I would need a 3/4" hole in the side of the boat, but by freeing up the steering tube we could mount the ram. Just don't move one of the lock nuts so that it will return to where it started.

The new system seems to work well, but it will take a month of operation to prove out. The problem with the Teleflex was probably a loose keyway in the wheel, coupled with a bit of wear on the cable and gear wheel.

If someone needs a steering set-up for a project, I have the whole works, except for the wheel tilt mechanism, Teleflex gearing,

and the 25' long cable. It will fit older Mercruisers with no monkey business. I will give it to someone who shows up at the door or ship it at their expense. Needless to say, this is an awkward package as the cable coils are about 40" in diameter. If anyone is interested in the unit, please call me at (315) 6856937.

My middle son said I should have looked into the steer-by-wire unit that Teleflex introduced recently. After 35 years in pneumatic control, I don't think I could go for it. After all, my business is 98% digital for new work.

Joe Spaulding, Skaneateles, NY

This Magazine...

A Few Observations

We really enjoyed "Constant Waterman" in the May 15 issue.

Re: Peter Jepson's letter about tides, the water itself is not located at the center of mass of the earth as a whole. The individual particles of water get pulled this way and that, relative to that center.

Re: Kerry Barrilleaux and his MG, we actually did tow our first boat, a 5-0-5 from Larry Simonds, behind our 1965 MG B, new at the time. The 5-0-5 is much lighter than a Potter but it was big enough to hide us from the car behind. We got many strange looks from passing motorists. The B had 1800cc displacement so it may have had an easier time than his smaller TD would have had.

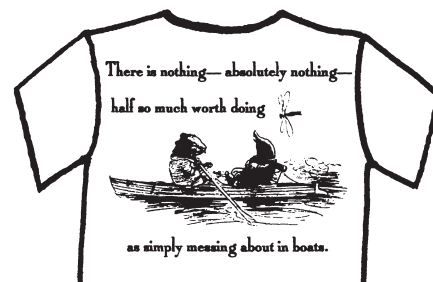
I am baffled by Steve Turi's letter. I thought replacing your photo with the drawing was a big improvement some time ago. I sincerely hope, if we meet sometime, that you look more like the drawing than that old photo. But I won't say anything about it in any case.

Rodney Myrvaagnes, New York, NY

Enjoyed "The Ristigouche..."

I would like to tell you how much I enjoyed the article "The Ristigouche From a Horse-Yacht." It was eloquently written and certainly painted the picture the author aimed for.

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA



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From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Cambridge, England, a quiet town whose University dates from the 13th century, takes its famous name from the River Cam. With the help of my sister, who worked for Cambridge University Press, I wangled a job in a boatyard there one summer. The backs of several state-ly colleges, acres of manicured lawns and gardens, slope gradually down to the Cam. One can hire a punt, canoe, or rowboat and meander along "The Backs." The opposite shore, seldom 30 yards off, remains mostly a bosky park and the mile ride past the colleges is tantamount to drifting through some late-medieval dreamland. One passes Queens College, Kings College, Clare, Trinity, and St. John's, one lingers to admire the Bridge of Sighs.

At the upstream end of the University, just above the landing where you rent your boat, a modest dam surmounted by a small bridge separates the upper reach, the Granta, from the Cam. Just upstream from the bridge stands a second boatyard. They busily rent the same small craft to ascend the placid Granta. Here I worked for several weeks, cleaning out boats and helping people to get aboard and cast off. Sometimes I collected fares. The currency, then, was pounds and shillings and pence and it took quick thinking to make proper change from the vast assortment of coins. My pay was five shillings, five 'bob,' the equivalent of 70¢ per hour.

Both reaches of the river run slowly and shallowly. This makes them ideal for punting. Our darkly varnished punts gleamed, as did our canoes and rowboats. A punt, just over a yard wide, could accommodate two people on each seat. They were slender, 20' in length, lightly built, flat-bottomed, square ended and decked across the stern for about four feet.

This deck was the punter's platform. Stage, if you will. We provided performers a long, light pole and a minimum of instruction. Amateurs supplied us a constant source of amusement. If they shoved too hard the punt jumped from beneath them. They overbalanced and fell into the river. Often to loud applause from other punters. It took some practice to harmonize the steerage and propulsion. Most amateurs wove over and back across the Granta trying to maintain a course. Competent punters, graceful and efficient, drove their boats upstream with little effort.

One afternoon I exercised my prerogative and borrowed a punt. Cambridge, although a small city of 80,000, scarcely knew the affliction of urban sprawl. Half a mile upstream, in meadows, placid cows munched wildflowers or dozed beneath the willows. They kindly overlooked my artless efforts. A couple of miles above the town a mossy weir spanned the river. Just below it a rusticated pier joined the footpath that lead to Grantchester, as pretty a hamlet as 60 years earlier when the glamorous poet, Rupert Brooke, immortalized it in his lament, "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester."

Enormous elm trees shaded the quiet streets. The public house displayed numerous poems penned by Brooke before his untimely death during World War I. Within the pub I found shadow and repose. By the window an old man tilted his book to the dappled light. Without, historic England dozed in the sun.

After my pint I strolled back to my punt accompanied by swooping and swerving swallows. I pushed off gently, turned slowly to align myself with the stream. Now I felt the energy flow from planted pole, through arms and legs, to my boat upon the water. The center of my effort became the helm. I leaned against the long spruce pole just so and drove my slim and responsive craft swiftly, true, and gracefully down the Granta.



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The Young Man and the Sea

By Rodman Philbrick
Scholastic, Inc.

557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
Paperback, 192 pp., \$5.99
ISBN 0439368308

Reviewed by James Gifford

This is a great book. The main characters are twelve-year-old Skiff Beaman and his dad Skiff Beaman, Sr. (they are the good guys). Another important character is Tyler Croft, one of a couple of bullies who have given Skiff a hard time for a while.

After Skiff's mom dies, his dad sinks into a depression and takes up drinking beer and sitting on the couch all day long. Neglected, his dad's boat sinks at the dock. Skiff, Jr. raises the boat and finds out that the engine is broken and it will cost more money than he and his dad have to fix it. What is Skiff going to do? He finds the answer at the end of the dock, 200 lobster traps all licensed and tagged. He wonders why he shouldn't fish these in the cove and make some money to fix the engine.

He fishes them until he finds some of the traps messed with. Skiff catches Tyler in the act. I am not going to spoil the story so I will just tell you that in the end he gets his goal and helps his dad.

In the book we learn his mom's three rules: 1. Think smart. 2. Speak true. 3. Never give up. In many ways these rules act as his compass and help him make correct decisions.

I thought this was a good book. The main characters liked to mess around in boats and liked to fish, two things I enjoy doing. I received this book for my ninth birthday and found it pretty easy to read but perhaps that's because I like both reading and boats so much.

(James is the owner/builder of a Payson Tortoise.)

Three Men in a Boat

and

Three Men on the Bummel

By Jerome K. Jerome
Penguin Classics Paperback
ISBN 0140437509

Review by Charles Rouse

The first story in this book has to do with boats, the second doesn't except for a story about renting a yacht. Jerome K. Jerome, and yes, that was his real name, has been described as the English Mark Twain. I suppose what is meant by saying that Jerome is the English Mark Twain is that Jerome was just a very funny and very perceptive writer. Did I say very funny? I mean Mr. Jerome was a very amusing writer indeed. *Three Men In A Boat* is one of those stories that I tried not to read in bed because my muted laughing and chortling kept my wife from sleep. *Three*



Book Reviews

Men On The Bummel is not as boaty but almost as amusing as *Three Men In A Boat*.

The three men were Jerome and Jerome's friends George and Harris. Jerome also brought his dog, Montmorency. When Jerome was asked why these men and why the dog, he replied the story was not fiction, the boat trip happened as described, the dog was his dog, and the characters were "not poetic ideals, but things of flesh and blood, especially George, who weighs about 12 stone." Jerome said the dog, Montmorency, was in the story because the dog was on the trip.

The story is about three young men who went on their holidays in a rented Thames camping skiff. I'm thinking of a wooden skiff of about 24' to 26' with a tent that could be set up on the boat. The vacationers would bring food and candles and a little kerosene (paraffin) cook stove and bedding. Propulsion was by oar, what we call rowing and the British call sculling. The boat they rented was double sculled with steering station aft. Put three men and a dog out on the Thames for a week or more in English weather and you have fertile material to fashion humor. Jerome lets no chance slip for something funny and, yes, perhaps also insightful somewhat like the painless wisdom of Mark Twain.

Three Men was published in 1889. I believe it is possible to rent a Thames camping skiff today and go on a rowing holiday. As an aside, ever since I read this book I've wanted to go to Britain and do just that. You might check <http://myweb.tiscali.co.uk/skiffhire/boats.html> or do an internet search. If I understand the introduction to the book correctly, *Three Men In A Boat* was originally serialized in a magazine and was meant to be a straight travel story with a bit of humor in it. The editor receiving Jerome's installments exercised his editorial rights and published the humor and asked for more humor with a bit of straight travel story with it. Jerome had his debut to the British public as a humorist and doubtless the editor was right to do this. Of course, the book is not relentlessly all humor. The "straight" writing that Jerome did manage to put into *Three Men* showed that he could certainly do straight travel writing and historical commentary.

The chapter introductions follow a Victorian custom of giving a brief note of what is in the chapter. In Jerome's practiced hand these become a form of humor on their own, as in, from *Three Men In A Boat*:

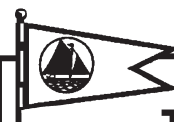
"Chapter 13 Marlowe-Bisham Abbey—The Medmenham Monks—Mormorency thinks he will murder an old tom cat but eventually decides that he will let it live—Shameful conduct of a fox terrier at the Civil Service Stores."

The humor builds. And, yes, the humor is a little dry and, of course, very English. For those who believe the English don't have much of a sense of humor, Jerome K. Jerome would be the worst possible example to give.

It is true that the story is Victorian as Jerome and his friends lived in that time. Some of the book shows the prejudices and mind set of that time. But then so does the writing of Rudyard Kipling and other writers of the late 19th century.

Three Men In A Boat is a boating story but its interest goes beyond the boating community. Simply put, if you read much and you haven't read Jerome, this book should go on your "Must Read" list. The Penguin Classics edition includes an introduction by Jeremy Lewis. I read the introduction and found it useful, though not strictly necessary to the stories, which stand quite nicely on their own.

Three Men On The Bummel was published in 1900, no doubt in response to the success of *Three Men In A Boat*. The second journey was taken by the same three men, later in their life, mostly on bicycles and mostly in Germany. Although it contains a story about renting a yacht, a very funny story, the second story is about a bicycle tour of a part of Europe. It is almost as funny as *Three Men In A Boat*, contains some real insight on Germany for a country that was to go to war against Germany within a dozen years of the publication of the story. I mention it because it came packaged with *Three Men In A Boat* in the Penguin Classics paperback.



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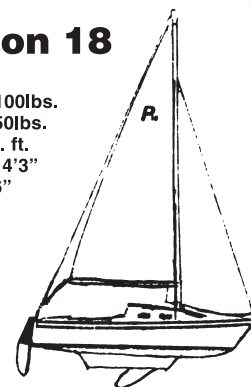
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Left Apalach late in the morning of March 24, assisted by local sailors Kristin Anderson and Randy Mims, who conducted the embarkation ceremonies and drove off with my vehicle and trailer for safekeeping at Kristin's place. A spring cold front had started up the night before, leaving clear skies and northwest winds at 15-20kts with temperatures in the 50s. Sailed out the mouth of the Apalachicola River with plans to attend the Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival scheduled for April 1 in Cortez, a small coastal town between Tampa Bay and Sarasota Bay, by following the curve of Florida along the panhandle, then down the peninsula. Left the river channel when that became feasible and sailed an easy broad reach down the length of Apalachicola Bay to a small bayou called Pilot Harbor near the eastern end of St. George Island. Anchored on sand flats about 50 yards offshore and went "below" to escape the cold wind; that is, under a spray canvas that stretches over an oar blocked up on top of the boat's centerboard case.

After a rest I set sail again late in the afternoon and found good access for a walk across the island to the Gulf side. Gathered a hatful of beach turnips (*Cakile edentula*), which a certain Mr. White who frequents these parts told me about. Made a big pot of these with potatoes and blackeyed peas, presumably enough for leftovers the next day, but ate the whole thing.

Awoke at dawn, aground due to low tide. Hustled back over to the dunes to get some more of those turnips. Walked all around Pilot Harbor and back to the boat via a different route. In the late morning, with the rising tide, a small breeze piped up from the southwest, the quadrant of the sea breeze this time of year. As the forecast was for light northerlies, I didn't pay much attention until it began filling in and strengthening, behav-

Spring Sharpie Sailing

Apalachicola to Cortez, Florida & Return

March 24–April 13, 2006

By Walt Donaldson

(Dedicated to Robb White, who is mentioned herein. He was a good friend and an inspiration to me. The story was written two weeks before his untimely death.)



Beach turnips on Dog island.



Big Pine Island.

Aground at low tide on sand flats, Pilot Harbor, St. George Island. My boat is a 28' New Haven sharpie designed by Reuel Parker



ing exactly like what it turned out to be. A few small cottonball clouds even appeared. Nothing loath to this development, I quickly got going and continued down the bay, soon reached the end of St. George Island and, with small white flecks on the green waves clear out to the horizon, sailed out the pass separating St. George and Dog Island. Ran straight down the beach of the latter about 100' offshore among a strange multitude of stingrays, all the same amber brown color and all the same size.

After clearing the island, I set a course for St. Theresa, a community on the mainland where a friend with an outdoor shower lives and he doesn't mind if I anchor out front and help myself. Ordinarily this is an irresistible attraction, but I wasn't yet fragrant enough to stop the excellent run, however. Helmed all the way around Alligator Point, the headland between Apalachicola Bay and Apalachee Bay, racing the setting sun for St. Marks. The sun won, the sea breeze died about half an hour before sunset. Somewhat nonplussed (still a good bit out), I tried to row for a while but made little progress in the leftover chop. Fortunately a brisk northerly sprang up and, with much relief, I made it to a safe anchorage on a large sand reef just as the stars came out.

Up again at sunrise and so set sail in the late morning and rode the dying northerly until out of sight of land, bobbed around in a calm for awhile, and then the southwesterlies came back in at 2:30. Sailed southeast toward a somewhat arbitrary point about 30 miles away but ended up sailing due east for the last hour of daylight just to get back on the flats for anchoring, very hungry. Anchored offshore of a group of fish camps and houses called Dekle Beach and listened to the National Public Radio Sunday night programs. Saw a spectacular shooting star of very long duration, a slow flier that turned green before winking out.

Got underway at dawn, a fine land breeze blowing. Still half asleep I suddenly struck an oyster-encrusted object sticking out of the water, leaving a long scratch on the port side. It reminded me of a sign at the boat ramp on the bayside of St. George Island that reads, "CAUTION: Oyster Shells Protruding From Bottom." Protruding? That is funny, if you ask me. I have a picture of it. Anyway, steered for an hour and then tied off the tiller and made breakfast, the land breeze fading away. After the midday calm I sailed across Deadman's Bay and back onto the flats near the Pepperfish Keys, a place where the water is shallow a long way out.

About 3:30 I noted a great sandbar anchorage about a mile out from the northernmost Pepperfish but decided that it was too early to quit. A couple hours later I luffed up and reconnoitered more prime territory for camping aboard over healthy-looking grass flats in clear water just north of Horseshoe Beach, but still kept going. The sea breeze was excellent, around 10kts and perfectly steady. Sailed wing-and-wing near dead low tide for a few more miles, keeping a sharp lookout for shell banks which are found here and there near the mouth of the Suwannee River, not too far ahead. Dropped anchors when the horizon split the sun, good sailing.

Despite the southerly winds next morning I got underway early again, hoping to fall into the same easy flow as the evening before. Made a long tack out but the going was slow, sailing flat and slappy. Decided to

head in close, anchor, and await the sea breeze. Blinded by the rising sun I sailed straight for the mainland, which slowly revealed something wonderful. Dead ahead was a prominent strand of white sandy beach, incongruous in this land of marshes and brown water. Sailed right up to it and anchored, the water plenty deep, and waded ashore for a ramble. It turned out to be a pristine small key called Big Pine Island. Its trees were remarkably well established and thriving; palms, pines, cedar, and noble live oaks covered in shining lime-green new growth. Yes, there were beach turnips.

The wind having died, I made a big breakfast and read some. A couple from Horseshoe Beach showed up with their dogs and the man, Bruce, invited me to visit their home on the return trip, good people. Got underway at sea breeze time which was very light today, but just as well. The shallow, inshore route that I chose to cross both navigation channels of the Suwannee was not a very wise one and the bottom was a hard case, it seemed unnatural, some kind of dredge spoil. Although the tide was transporting all the water elsewhere, at least it was heading in a useful direction and the wind was just strong enough for good maneuvering. Cedar Key on the horizon, I sailed the length of the Suwannee Sound and found a quiet spot on the mainland side at dusk, anticipating another land breeze early.

Awoke resolved to get into town for provisions by 1:30, high tide. But as the old saying goes, the most dangerous piece of gear aboard a sailboat is a calendar. Or, in this case, the clock. I used every trick in the book to try to get upwind to town but the tide was foul and the wind very light. Tacked for several hours through a maze of white plastic pipes marking clam leases and on through the narrow shoal channel that connects the Suwannee Sound with the Cedar Keys, but the breeze expired utterly at noon. Thankfully I was not too far from another navigation channel with deep water, in a favorable position for using the tide instead of fighting it, and so was able to row in.

After a cruel pull in the blazing sun, around 2:00 I made it to the infamous holding ground in front of the Faraway Inn, headquarters for a good number of sailors during the annual Cedar Key messabout, which happens to be close to the grocery store. Managed to get one anchor to stay put among the oyster shells, ran a line to a worm-eaten small piling, and tiptoed away. Ate a sandwich where I always eat a sandwich when in town, the same woman made it as last year. Speaking of women, the cashier at the grocery store made my day. It takes a special individual to get away with wearing leopard-skin clothing (being about 20 years old helps). The poor sod ahead of me bought five different kinds of lottery tickets and asked her a whole barrage of idiotic questions. His face was in profile to me and behind his dark plastic sunglasses I could see his eyes ravishing her when she turned around to peel the tickets off the roll. I almost bought one.

The boat still had 6" of water under its rudder, but not for long. I have learned the hard way that when the water in Cedar Key decides to go somewhere, it is not bashful about it. All that water was going out the main ship channel, however, nearly opposite my course, but at least the sea breeze was fair and lively. Sailing previously unexplored territory in Waccasassa Bay, I inexplicably

found myself stemming the tide between narrow, parallel reefs about a quarter mile apart. How did I get in there? This went on until after sunset when I finally escaped them and sailed out onto a broad shallow area. Once again had a little trouble finding a spot, much of it seemed to be solid limestone rock. This was to become a significant fact later in the voyage. Finally found a patch of seagrass and got some anchors working.

The next morning, I sailed from Waccasassa Bay southward to the confluent navigation channels of the Withlacoochee and Crystal Rivers. Anchored when the morning breeze died, set sail again with the sea breeze and set a course for Anclote Key, too far away to make before nightfall. Slept a few hours at sunset and then got underway again in the middle of the night. At dawn I was pretty far offshore, about ten miles or so (the wind was heading me) and still not down to the latitude of Anclote. Helmed until noon to get there, took a sunshower and had lunch, and then a strong tide and the sea breeze helped me along to Clearwater. Didn't have enough wind for maneuvering the pass and so resigned myself for another night in the Gulf. Heaved to in the light wind until the breeze died away completely at 11:00pm, then anchored.

Set sail in light airs and made a few tacks at sunrise on Saturday of the Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival but made little headway due to the foul tide, re-anchored. I finally had to let go of the driving urge to get to the festival in time, a sharp bit of woe. But as if to say "maybe," the sea breeze filled in again at 2:30 exactly and asserted itself a little better this time. Slipped along past St. Pete Beach, caught a critical lift to windward from the tail of the ebb through the Egmont Channel entrance to Tampa Bay, continued down the offshore side of Egmont Key, and entered Tampa Bay at Passage Key Inlet, the southernmost. Had to jump overboard to push over a sandbar in the vicinity of Passage Key itself, the water extraordinarily clear over a clean bottom of coarse sand and broken shell.

Darkness fell and I bumbled around in the moonlight looking for a good place to spend the night. Finally found a grassy shoal

well situated in relation to land and the marked channel. Considered putting out an anchor light but deemed it unnecessary as the water was only about a foot deep. Opened a warm beer in celebration of this supposedly sound judgment just as a speeding powerboat ran aground about 50 yards away. I considered offering assistance; that is, paddling or wading over there, but decided to wait five minutes to see what would happen. I couldn't see them or hear what they were saying but a man and a woman were having a discussion in calm, even voices. Soon their lights began to move away, presumably the man had gotten out to push. It was good to see them finally motor slowly off toward the channel.

Within minutes another boat hit the same shoal. "Damn, this is a good spot," I thought. "They miss me every time." This one was occupied by, to borrow a term, fartfaces. They, too, eventually found deeper water, using the tilt-and-trim and full throttle features of their recreational craft. "Bellowed controversy" was the style of the discussion aboard.

Awoke to more boating activity, lots of people fishing and throwing bait nets in a clever way. One person would toss out bits of



Turner Matthews, playing hooky from work, trying on my hat.

Larry Page's favorite bicycle, artwork by Nancy Matthews.



something from a bucket, to drum up some business obviously, and another would then fling the net. Had breakfast and then took a good look around. I could see through binoculars the bridge near by the site of the small craft festival but it was slick calm. Impatience being what it is, I took to my oars at 9:00. Made it to the bridge in an hour or so, only to discover that it was not quite yet the thing, the real bridge was the distance thus rowed once again, and then some. Steeled myself for a hard pull and made it down there by noon.

In case you didn't know, Tampa Bay at noon on a spring Sunday is the scene of a pretty vigorous boating furor, not unlike the excitement of a college football game or something similar. Shooting the second bridge I found myself sharing the small gap under the bascule in tight formation with another sailboat (under power) and a 50-footer (under a lot of power) trying to squeeze in going the other direction. I felt like Odysseus trying to get between Charybdis and Scylla. So I did just as he, I smote the gray sea with my oars. Only this sea was a beautiful clear green, so shortly after putting astern this last obstacle to my destination, I tossed an anchor over and went for a swim.

The afternoon breeze soon began to whisper and messers appeared. Among many interesting others, my good friends Turner Matthews and Larry Page were suddenly there in small craft, how good to see them after the long trip down. Though I had missed the main day of the festival, Sunday was nice, too, and we all got to go for a sail in the harbor. I won't go into the particulars of the event, it is sure to be covered thoroughly by those who were actually there. But I would comment that the whole thing struck me as notably well planned and presented. Both vision and hard work were evident.

Though I had also missed Robb White, the guest speaker, Turner had invited, and served as liaison for, another special guest from very far afield, Mr. Adrian Morgan of Ullapool, Scotland. This charming man builds Viking-derived small craft and writes for *Classic Boat* magazine among other publications. Needless to say, it was a pleasure to make his acquaintance.

A Cortez local named Chris, a yacht carpenter by trade, caught my lines, several Festival boats were tied up to his dock. He offered unlimited use of the dock and to use his family's guest quarters, "It's unlocked, just leave it open when you're done." I call that graceful. We had a conversation the following morning that I won't forget.

The sea breeze picked up early that afternoon and so did I. Both drawbridges heading back out into Tampa Bay were fraught with peril, as usual. Sprouted a few more gray hairs getting out of there and then had a very easy sail around the bay to the Manatee River, where Turner Matthews lives. The wind had swung around to brisk northwest, perfectly cooperative. Tied up at Turner's dock and then proceeded to wallow in the luxuries of town.

Spent a few days in Bradenton, resting and having a good time. Turner always rolls out the red carpet and his wife, Nancy, is a prodigious artist. Larry Page loaned me his favorite bicycle, described by him as "not necessary to lock up," upon which I sallied forth on a quest for disposable propane cylinders. These turned out to be uncommonly scarce, entailing a journey of some 50

blocks, one way. Thus lashed into a fine lather, on the return trip I also loaded three bags of groceries, five gallons of water, and a six-pack of beer into her baskets. (I had begun to use the feminine pronoun for my noble conveyance.) She nearly foundered down by the stern, but I made it back to the dock without having to jettison anything. Set sail at noon on the next day and beat out of the river, a fresh, cool sea breeze cropped up to make it pleasant. Larry drove around to the last point in the river and surprised me with a last bon voyage. Found a good anchorage out in the bay and so quit fairly early, the breeze having gone light. Made a small repair and cleaned up the boat.

The next day dawned calm but turned out to be one of those rare sailing days of sustained ideal conditions, a spanking breeze blowing onshore over the port quarter. Must have gone over 60 miles up the coast, much of it surfing mildly on big green swells. At sunset I peeled off into a long marked channel leading to a rocky area near the town of Arepika. The channel went on for over three miles and so night befell me with no relief from the chop in sight, the wind was still high. Finally found a bit of lee quite near the mainland (the water carries good depth well inshore here) on poor holding ground. It would not have been my first choice, but I couldn't see a thing.

At first light I could see that I had spent a little of my luck, a jagged rockpile lay about a furlong leeward of my course through the darkness the night before. The forecast was troubling, suggesting that "small craft exercise caution," the wind south 20 knots, a cold front was approaching. I formulated a plan to sail north in shallow water all the way back to Waccasassa Bay, the cove or bight in the coastline north of Crystal River. Then, after the front passed, I would be in a strategic position to sail the northeasterlies through the Cedar Key group. I got underway and, sure enough, the south wind switched on at 8:00. I soon settled into a fast course running straight before it in clear, shallow water. However, the coast was slowly pinching me off, compounded by an imperative to clear the spoil banks of the Withlacoochee River and Crystal River channels lying perpendicular to the safe course. In the high wind, heading up offshore just a little was enough to increase the apparent wind dramatically, sending the boat into a wild planing attitude.

Over the course of several hours, I worked my way offshore far enough to clear the spoil banks, on out into deep water, thinking that the tidal effects might be less if the current wasn't restricted to a narrow channel. This may or may not have been such a hot idea. Sitting on the stern I could look "down the line" upon reaching the top of each swell, observing with some disbelief the entire 28' boat laying on the inclined wave face. As the boat began to surf, the bow would dive into the sea ahead, but only to the stemhead, an exactly sufficient buoyancy apparently. Then the rockered surface of the flat bottom forward would take over and the boat would accelerate up the backside of the wave with a smooth rush. Thus to the crest, the cycle repeated. I don't ever expect to meet conditions like these again and get away with it. Oh, I might meet them again, but surely it is asking a bit much from Providence to rely on such deliverance. The sharpie sailboat is an amazing thing.

Finally ran up onto the flats in Waccasassa Bay at 2:30, high tide. Worked up close to the eastern shoreline, looking for shelter. But feeling along with a bamboo pole, I couldn't find a secure anchorage, the bottom seemed either bare rock, soft, grassy mud, or a thin layer of the latter over the former. Finally got the larger anchor to hang up and dove under the spray cover for half an hour, exhausted. The boat was tacking around madly at the end of its long tether and the forecasted cold front was beginning to gloom up the western horizon. Put on a wet-suit and got overboard to deal with the anchoring situation. Struggled in the chest-deep water holding the stock of the anchor in both hands, digging in as the boat surged around, ranging about for a decent place. Stomped the anchor down in a patch of deep mud and watched it for awhile, it seemed to be holding.



Anchored up in a foot of water. It is blowing 20kts. The photo shows the spray cover (rolled halfway back), the sun awning, starboard bunk and entertainment center, a 30 year old transistor radio and paperback. The rest of the entertainment is in the ice chest under that radio

Back to the boat for the second anchor, and nearing the end of my strength with the entire rode stretched out. I finally found a place for it in the northwest quadrant, the predicted winds after the front's passage. Shivering and wrinkled up, had a beer and watched the foreboding spectacle in the west. Moved all metallic objects away from my sleeping place and turned in when the lightning started up. I had done all that I could do.

Unexpectedly I was able to remain in my bunk the entire night. A moonbeam woke me up just before dawn, the wind had gone down and it was cool and dry. Ate up all the leftovers from the morning before and then made a real breakfast, feeling fine. Briefly considered trying for some kind of pointless record for sailing from Tampa to Apalach, as in these conditions it would have been theoretically possible to sail a rhumb line straight toward Dog Island for 12 hours or so, heave to in the night, then

continue down the length of Apalachicola Bay the following morning.

But feeling distinctly overdrawn on my nine lives, I discarded that notion and set up the awning, read a bunch of books, and pottered around all day, enjoying the soothing natural surroundings. With the weathervane effect from the northeast wind, my lounging spot amidships looking aft faced exactly the best direction for viewing the sunset. One wants the sun's orb a bit to the side, in the place it would go in a painting, with a few scattered clouds a couple of handbreadths above the horizon to reflect the colors ever so sublimely. Ah, the coast.

It blew fresh all that evening and was still cranked up the next morning. Two hours before high tide I was stuck fast in only 3" of water, the northerly pushed all the water off the flats. But late in the morning the breeze slackened and the water rose a foot and a half in one hour. Sprung from my trap, I hustled out of there and set a course for Cedar Key. Ended up sailing offshore of Seahorse Key, the island farthest out, remembering the direction of the falling tide from the trip south, and so got a welcome boost for several miles.

After this, though, I had to come up into the wind to stay within range of making it back onto the flats that evening and slanting across the northeaster got a bit nasty around the inlets and river mouths of that coast, I can tell you. Is it good for a person to have his guts joggled around like that for eight hours? Who ever heard of a northeaster blowing hard for three days in a row in April? Sailed until dark and found a good grass flat north of Horseshoe Beach, glad to be away from hardpan bottom for a change.

Awoke to find the northeaster still blowing but the forecast was for easterlies and so waited for the wind to veer around, setting sail around 11:00. Sailed 40 miles up the

coast on a reach to a beautiful natural area on the east side of Apalachee Bay three miles south of the Econfinia River. I was there 11 months ago and easily found the same anchorage again because the only sign of civilization in either direction is a bright yellow backhoe sitting in the marsh. It hasn't moved or dug anything, as far as I could tell.

Slipped away before dawn, wanting to make some progress before the wind woke up too much. Ran straight down the latitude that, roughly speaking, defines Apalachee Bay, the wind packing on a few knots every hour. You can guess which direction. Sloshed through a tide rip off Alligator Point, sailed down the beach there, and stopped in for a visit in St. Theresa with my friend Van, the clam farmer. We went for a short sail, eating raw oysters (bycatch of his clam harvesting that day) and then, with the wind still building apparently, I dropped him off and squared away for what was shaping up to be another good segment of the day's already long and fast run.

The wind shut off at Dog Island, though, and I'm glad that it did so in a beautiful place, a narrow isthmus with no houses, making for easy access to the Gulf side for a long walk. After all that high wind, sitting on the scarp cut out of the sand by high water and watching the glassy leftover swell from the northeaster come hissing in was exceptionally peaceful and glorious. A curiously strong wave of feeling settled over me, difficult to name, call it relief, or a beneficial peek at a realm normally inaccessible, or just a dividend of the long period of fresh air and exercise. Whatever it was, may it often return.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the isthmus the boat was getting itself into mischief. Just a little too much slack in the anchor lines had put me high and dry atop a small sand spit and the tide had gone out. I checked the table and muttered the Homer Simpson

"doh," one of those full moon tide o' tides. My next discovery was that, verily, Dog Island at dusk dark in a dead calm on a spring low tide hosts quite the biomass of those infuriating marvels of voracity, no-see-ums. I dug out the bug net, 19 days in a row without a single unpleasant encounter, and eventually escaped their torment. Then the wind decided to play a few tricks, blowing like hell out of the northwest for a few hours, necessitating an anchor reconfiguration in the middle of the night.

However, when I cocked an eye at the weather around 3:30 (high tide), the wind had swung charmingly around to the northeast again, just like the day before, wafting straight toward Apalachicola. Had one of those rare sails straight down the "silver highway," the glittering stripe of a full moon on the water, arriving at the pass at the end of the island at first light. Crossed this uneventfully and continued down the length of St. George Island, watching through binoculars the birds and porpoises stirred up by the shrimpers culling their catch. It had seemed every shrimp boat in Florida was out the previous night. A springtime full moon must be a good time for them.

Cleared the causeway bridge late morning, and the perpetual northeaster coughed into life for one last gasp before retiring, sending me back to town expeditiously. Couldn't call my friends to arrange the pickup, would you believe that I stepped on something that rolled underfoot and fell overboard 200 yards from the boat ramp with my phone in my pocket? Fortunately I caught the toerail on the way over. So I sent them a telepathic message, then unshipped the rudder and unbent the sail. I sat down with a book in the shade of a mulberry tree and my friends showed up before too long. They had seen my sail out on the bay.



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Floating the San Juan River

By Chuck Leinweber

We did not make it to Jim Michalak's annual Midwest Messabout as we thought we would. What happened is we got an offer to float the San Juan River in southern Utah. This is not something to be taken lightly as there is a lottery to determine who can go. We were invited by Terry Burgess who was awarded a permit for 16 people. We could not refuse.



Our load of boats for the San Juan

The San Juan River begins in the San Juan Mountains of Southern Colorado. It flows south into New Mexico, fills Navajo Reservoir, and irrigates a lot of crops around Farmington. Then it flows back up into Colorado, very near the four corners, and on into Utah where it ends in Lake Powell which is formed mainly by the Colorado River. The so-called lower canyon cuts through Cedar Mesa in a series of entrenched meanders. The most spectacular of these is the "Goosenecks" near Mexican Hat, Utah. Our course would consist of 50 miles of canyon from Mexican Hat to Clay Hills Crossing on a 3,000cfs river traveling at more than 5mph for most of the way. While described as no more than Class II in difficulty, there were some challenges. One was the sheer weight of gear. The river carries a huge load of silt and filtering water for drinking is not practical, so we had to carry five gallons of drinking water per person, making our total load of gear substantial.



The Goosenecks of the San Juan from the State Park overlook

We built one of Jim Michalak's RiverRunner designs for this trip. We made it strong by fiberglassing inside and out and stitching the chines rather than using the usual logs. Additionally, we coated the bottom with a graphite/epoxy slurry for enhanced abrasion resistance. Jim Hauer, who built the prototype, was a great help in building the boat.



Sandra puts some finishing touches on our RiverRunner

Shortly before our departure, we learned that our youngest son, Joe (age 23) would be able to go with us. At that point we decided that we would need to take Sandra's Toto to keep from having to put three people and all their gear on the one boat. The Toto was also designed by Jim Michalak.

Joe mans the oars

We were a group of 13 folks and eight boats, our two and six plastic canoes. Within the first quarter mile one of the plastic canoes capsized and withdrew from the expedition. Our boats took on some water, too, but thanks to the watertight compartments in both boats we never turned over, though we did have some other misadventures. Of six canoes, three capsized during the trip.



One of the unfortunate canoes that capsized on our trip

The early part of the river was swift with our GPS showing 6+mph with us just steering. We used paddles for this section and Sandra used her double paddle throughout. We tried rowing facing forward a few times but it was not comfortable, probably because we were not used to it. Later, when the water slowed near Lake Powell, we found that we got left behind by the easier-to-paddle canoes, so we rowed facing backwards and were able to easily catch up with the rest of the group. One big plus is that we were able to stand at any time to scout the river ahead or stretch our legs, when they are over half a century old legs need stretching now and then.



We were able to stand to scout the river or just stretch our legs

The only real excitement with the RiverRunner came when we hit a rock and Joe fell overboard. I was in the front and, upon seeing a rock barely submerged, tried to turn at the last minute. This rotated the boat sideways and we hit the boat on the chine. The impact threw Joe into the water from his perch on the rear deck. To his credit, he held onto his paddle and was able to easily reboard over the stern.





We did not hit this rock, but there were plenty of smaller ones just below the surface

On that same stretch of river Sandra completely swamped her Toto yet was able to paddle upright to shore where she bailed it out. This boat was build very lightly with $\frac{1}{4}$ " ply only on the bottom and $\frac{1}{8}$ " stuff everywhere else. It made for a nice, light boat that was easy for Sandra to carry to the water, but not really durable for a river like this. At Ross Rapids, about two-thirds of the way through the canyon, she hit a rock going sideways and punched a hole in the garboard plank about 18" long and 4" wide.



Terry did not think we would ever be able to repair the Toto

I was not too concerned as I had purchased a fresh tube of 3M 5200 before the trip and had brought some tools, screws, and plywood patches. Imagine my concern when the tube of stickum turned out to have set up before it was even opened. Who knows how long it sat on the shelf before I bought it? Sandra suggested duct tape but I knew that would not hold to wet wood. Then I thought, why not tape up the hole and screw ply patches over the tape to hold it in place? That is what we did and it worked better than I expected. She did not have to bail at all for the last 10 miles of the trip. One good thing about building your own boat is you gain the skill to repair it.



Sandra's patched Toto

At Ross Rapids Joe and I had a little adventure of our own, we hit a barely submerged rock head on. The graphited bottom had already proven itself on some of our Texas rivers so we weren't worried about gouging, but we weren't sure what would happen balance-wise when we ran up on a rock at 5mph. What happened is the boat stopped, spun around, and sat there happily providing entertainment for the rest of the group. I used a paddle to pry us off the rock and we immediately ran up on another rock. I think we only got really stuck on three rocks total on that part of the river, but we never felt we were in danger of turning over, thanks to the great stability of this boat.

The RiverRunner on the beach as our last camp, Oljeto Washington

Terry is going to try to get a permit again next year and, if he does, we may go again, assuming it does not interfere with the Midwest Messabout. This time we are thinking about building two bullet-proof Totos with glass (which Sandra's did not have except on the chines) inside and out and graphite on the bottoms and garboards. We would take the RiverRunner again but we cannot agree on who is to be captain so we will want to take two solo boats.



Sandra near the beginning of the journey

Plans for Both Jim Michalak's RiverRunner and Toto designs can be bought from Duckworks Boat Builder's Supply, www.duckworksbbbs.com, click "Plans" and then "Jim Michalak."



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We had our Coast House Week this year, regardless. Mama and I hauled the usual full boatload of preparatory stuff down on Saturday, June 10, and the people started showing up on Sunday. We wound up with eight children, ages 2 to 11, and four adults. I had to make a bunch of trips back and forth to the island in the Rescue Minor, but I was kind of glad of it. There is a learning curve with that boat. I don't mean that critically, it is an outstanding sea-boat, but it has a personality. You can't just jump in and drive.

It kind of reminds me of a sailboat in the sense that it will tell you when you are pushing it too hard. Not with weather helm or by heeling, but by cavitating and throwing water. It was kind of windy from the south for three days, unusual for this time of year, and almost all of my trips across that weekend were in the infamous Apalachicola Bay chop. The old Rescue Minor handled it with ease unless I tried to go in too much of a hurry. I noticed that when I slowed down most of the deep-vees did, too.

Anyway, we had them all over there by Sunday afternoon, just in time to start worrying about Tropical Depression #1. Boy, did the little artificial German on the weather radio get that one wrong. So did the weatherman on the fuzzy, jumping little black-and-white TV we keep for emergencies. It was forecast to go ashore as a weak, unorganized tropical depres-

Coast House Week

By Wes White

sion just north of Tarpon Springs. Damn if it didn't work itself up into what looked like a building tropical storm by Tuesday.

We had spent Monday playing and crabbing. I tried, with Mama's help, to catch the elusive mullet, but with no success, so, except for the few crabs it was store-bought food for the whole crew. Good, though.

By Tuesday morning it was rough as hell and a couple of the adults were jumping to leave. Mama and I were inclined to stay until they started talking about 6' to 8' of storm surge on top of the spring high tide. Back on the mainland my truck and the trailer were parked about 1' above the high tide mark. Turns out they were wrong about that, too, but we scrambled around and bugged out pretty fast. Had to leave almost all of the food and clothes and such, as 12 people are a pretty good load for the Rescue Minor.

It was blowing a steady 20kts from the SSE and gusting higher. At first we were in the lee of the island, but we ran out of that pretty quick. Running straight into the back of the chop the Rescue Minor never did show any tendency to broach (or root as they say around here). I kept it going a little faster than the waves until we started to get close to the river. There we had the remnants of the rough ocean slanting in from each end of the island, plus the bay chop, plus the falling tide pouring out of the river. It wasn't as unorganized as a tide rip because you could see all three sets of waves, (SE, SW, and S) but it reminded me of a rip in the way that they would sometimes combine into one much larger wave.

I had to really poke along. She still never did try to root but we were in about 4' seas that couldn't have been running more than 10' apart, if that much, so they were real steep. I had to go slow enough that we wouldn't surf or the Rescue Minor would butt into the steep back of the wave ahead and we, in that overloaded condition, would ship green water right over the stem. There were whitecaps all over the place and one broke over the transom. A pretty good sheet of water ran up the little stern deck but she had risen to it real well so that it was just the very top of the wave.

The boat is extremely responsive to the rudder and, except for that one, I was able to

dodge around enough to avoid the biggest of them. Couldn't turn much, though, in the worst of it. There's only about a foot of free-board empty and I think we were probably down to about 8" or less with that load. The rough conditions went farther up the river than I've ever seen them, but we were breathing easy by the time we hit the no-wake zone. Dropped my brother and aunt and three nieces off at the city dock on the east side of the river, then Mama and I and my kids went on up to load the boat and headed for home.

Had to squeeze four kids into the back seat of my truck, but they were pretty good. Mama had us take turns making up a poem about our adventure on the way home. Here it is:


It was rough, but we were tough,
And the Rescue Minor was strong enough
For all 12 people and some of their stuff.

Outside the river was a terrible chop.
We couldn't turn and we couldn't stop,
And when we got through we said, "thank
you, PopPop".

Mama and I and my crew headed back down Wednesday morning. It was ugly looking at home, still raining and gusty. According to the TV it was already clearing at the coast so we took the chance. We went the back way to avoid Highway 98, which just loves to wash out, but it turned out to be an unnecessary precaution. The expected surge had never materialized and we could have just stayed put on the island. Oh, well.

The rest of them came back Thursday morning and we had a good time through Saturday. I managed to catch two mullet in the east marsh Thursday afternoon, just enough to give everybody a little taste. The children had loaded up on Donax so we had some stew. We took a trip to Bullet Island on Friday and I caught seven over there (although I dropped three trying to get them from the net to the bag). Friday night was a real Coast House supper, fried mullet and corn on the cob and whiteacre peas. All of the mullet were good, big ones, too.

The exodus started on Friday and continued through Sunday. All told, the Rescue Minor made 12 trips across the bay during that week, plus the jaunt over to Bullet Island, all on less than five gallons of fuel. Damn near every one of those trips was under a heavy load and in some kind of chop. It really is a hell of a boat.



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The three cousins were able to squeeze into the bow snugly. Leaning back their PFDs against the mast partner, they looked cozy and comfortable. The two at the gunwales dangled their fingers overboard into the water. We were headed for the Monument Beach playground across Phinney's Harbor on Cape Cod. The cousins had enjoyed visiting there by land, so it seemed like a good destination for a seafaring trip. My promise of a popsicle from the convenience store across the street sweetened the prospect. I hoped that the \$4 in my pocket would cover us all. If not, I planned to skip a treat for myself.

The four of us combined for a weight total just below the Snark's stated limit of 320lbs (145kg). I warned the crew (5, 5, and 7 in age) that they would have to sit still and not get up or horse around or they would risk falling in the water. My son Josh was capable of sitting calmly and so was my niece Ellie. I was a little worried that Ellie's brother Chris was going to get restless and need to get up and move around during our excursion. I hoped his respect for the water would keep him still.

As we shoved off I asked Josh to get ready to drop the daggerboard. I had finally sanded it down enough to clear the rather sloppy fiberglass patching job I had done on the bottom of the hull the week before. I had been anxious to clad the daggerboard slot thoroughly as it bore the brunt of intentional beachings and accidental groundings. I was convinced that much of the water that had made the boat so much heavier over the years had entered at the cracks and holes at the daggerboard slot. The unfortunate result of this good intention was that the resin-coated fiberglass sometimes obstructed the board from going down all the way.

Fixing the Daggerboard

So, with my brother Matt's help I had flipped the hull upside down just above the high tide line on the beach and sanded the well-resined daggerboard slot on the bottom. Then, in the evenings after we had put the children to bed, as the other adults knit, read, chatted, and watched the Red Sox, I sanded down the board itself during the commercials between innings. I don't think anyone other than Matt had the faintest notion why I was sanding, but they put up with the noise. I think they found the humble boat mending noises contributed to the quaint maritime atmosphere in the Holiday House. Even after testing and dropping the daggerboard successfully, I found that further sandings were needed because the water would swell up the freshly exposed fibers of the sanded surface a little with each trial. Sometimes the swellings occurred between departure and returning.

My son Josh got understandably frustrated when the daggerboard wouldn't come up no matter how hard he clutched and yanked. On flipping the hull again I discovered that there was still a small but sharp edge of resin-hardened fiberglass cloth that could dig into the daggerboard's wood as we heeled on one tack that probably stayed embedded. So I had to repeat the hull and daggerboard sanding sessions several times. I wanted Josh and his cousins to feel that they were a useful part of the crew and operating the daggerboard was the perfect job. When beach launching a daggerboard craft like the Snark, the captain has to push the boat off into the waves, climb into the boat, push down the rudder, steer the boat on a fea-

Snark Bytes

The Playground Cruise

By Rob Gogan

sible tack, catch the main sheet, and pull it tight to catch the wind without getting into irons and drifting back to shore. Then, once underway, it becomes essential to drop the daggerboard as much as possible without dragging its tip on the bottom.

A Job for the Crew

Having a crew to tend the daggerboard is a real help. There were several times when I tried to launch alone on a choppy day and got pushed back onto shore because I couldn't get the board down fast enough. Once I pushed the daggerboard just a bit into the housing with most of the board protruding up way above the gunwales. The boom snagged on the top of the daggerboard and, full of wind, started to push the boat downwind with a steep heel. The boat would have swamped had I not jumped out and turned the hull back into the wind. So it was not only a convenience, but also a clear safety enhancement to have a daggerboard tender when launching. Also, when coming back to shore, having a tender allows the captain to stay aft at the helm when preparing to land. I reminded the kids of all these benefits every time I took them out so they knew that they were really helping with the safe and proper navigation of the boat.

Today Josh was able to slip the daggerboard all the way down without any resistance and we pointed well into the mild southwest breeze, making modest but steady progress offshore. Once underway I also reminded the cousins of the tacking procedure. I asked them what they needed to do when I said, "Ready about." Josh had heard this many times and knew the answer. "Dunk my head," he said.

"Duck your head," I corrected. "That's right." My wife Frann and I had shared a private laugh over his childish pronunciation after the first time he said this. I managed not to laugh in front of the kids.

The trip across the harbor to the playground was quick, and once we had rounded Rocky Point we didn't have to tack again. I pointed out the green fence of the tennis court visible above the sea wall, which the cousins knew was part of the playground. I picked out a beaching place near the old town landing and told Josh to get ready to pull up the daggerboard again to avoid the rocks. It had not been a long enough sail to satisfy me, but it was long enough to give the cousins another taste of the wonderful world of wind-powered marine exploration. I had learned that, like museum visits, sailing excursions need to be kept short so that the kids will want to go again the next time.

Beach Landing

Once we landed on the beach the cousins sprang out and dropped their PFDs in the boat. Their legs exploded with pent-up energy and they headed for the swings. The little Snark scuffed on a couple of rocks, leaving among the barnacles some of the red house paint I had applied the week before. Sorry barnacles, that can't be healthy, I thought. There had once been an official town landing here with a concrete paved

ramp but it hadn't been maintained in decades. The shallow angle of the beach prevented launching most boats unless the tide is high. A couple of times I had seen shell fishermen launch their sturdy motor skiffs here to seek the quahogs that abound in the headwaters of Buzzards Bay. Of course, they were knowledgeable about the tide and know when it's all right to use this shallow launch ramp. The shell fishermen never had anything to say to a sailor like me. They seemed to regard me with a mixture of jealousy that I could afford to take a day off and contempt for my slow choice of boat propulsion. They never looked at me when I said, "Hi."

After a while on the swings the kids wanted me to push them around on the merry-go-round. I was able to get the platform rotating much faster than they could and they whooped with delight as long as I could run. But I tired out and had to break long before they were ready to quit. I checked on the boat and the tide. It was ebbing so the boat would only get higher and drier. It would not float away. I had kept my PFD on as its pockets contained my money. The other gear on the boat was too beaten up and the kids' little orange PFDs were too ugly to arouse a thief's interest. The cousins were glad to take my suggestion of crossing the street for some popsicles.

"How about ice cream?" Josh asked.

"Well, we might be going to the Whistle Stop tonight and you know the rule about only getting ice cream once a day," I said.

Playground Giant

They complied with this and walked to the store. After the popsicles we had time for a game of Big Bad Giant. I chased the kids around the playground pretending to want to eat them up, probably the oldest and most thrilling game for kids and grown-ups to play the world over. As usual, I ran out of steam before they did and the Giant went hungry. The kids were happy to get back in their PFDs for the ride back.

Riding the southwest breeze home on a broad reach, we crossed the harbor faster than on the way out. Once home on the Holiday House beach, the cousins started to scramble up the rocks empty-handed, but I stopped them and reminded them of the gear that needed to be toted to the house. It was never too early to train them about this part of a crewman's job! Maybe tomorrow, if the wind weren't blowing too hard, we could all take a look at Hog Island.

Josh and his brother Zach ready to tend the Super Snark's daggerboard.



Apprenticeshop Wraps 2006 Spring Building Season

By Trisha Badger

The 2006 spring building season came to a close as two small boats built at The Apprenticeshop of Rockland, Maine, were launched on June 17, a 13' Vinalhaven Hawkins Peapod Replica and a 16' John Gardner Sailing Whitehall. The Peapod was built by apprentices Lisa Zygowski of Caledonia, Ontario, Canada, and Michael Norgang of Damariscotta, Maine. The Whitehall was built by apprentices Phineas Ramsey of Sacramento, California, Martin Feracci of Gif Sur Yvette, France, and David Parham of Woodlands, Texas. The completion of both small boats was met with cheers from a large crowd of family, friends, Atlantic Challenge volunteers, staff, and trustees.

The community also celebrated the progress of a 'Shop-built 18' Joseph Liener Catboat, which is scheduled for a late August launch, and the restoration of a Friendship Sloop. Also on hand was a Dark Harbor 17 which was restored at the Apprenticeshop during the winter of 2005 and will be launched later this summer. These launches and graduation wrap up the 2006 spring building season. Eight apprentices will return to the 'Shop in mid-July, joined by a batch of new students, to begin the fall program.

The Apprenticeshop, one of the oldest and finest traditional wooden boat building schools in the country, has been teaching



Apprenticeshop Graduation: (Back, from left:) Apprentice Phineas Ramsey, Lead Instructor Kevin Carney, Apprentices David Parham, Martin Feracci, and Todd Kosakowski. (Front, from left:) Apprentice Rick Ramenda, Instructor Stephen Florimbi, Apprentices Sara Forristall and Lisa Zygowski, and Apprenticeshop Programs Coordinator Meredith Currier.

boatbuilding, seamanship, and traditional skills to people of all ages since 1971. The Apprenticeshop has moved from various locations within Maine, beginning in Bath and settling in Rockland in 1991. Thousands of apprentices, interns, volunteers, and visitors have passed through the 'Shop doors

since 1971 and hundreds of examples of the builders' excellent craftsmanship have left the shop floor for new lives on the water.

For further information about the Apprenticeshop or other programs of Atlantic Challenge, call (207) 594-1800 or visit www.atlanticchallenge.com.

Builders Lisa Zygowski and Michael Norgang aboard the Vinalhaven Hawkins Peapod just after her launch.



Builders Phineas Ramsey (stern), David Parham, and Martin Feracci (bow) take the Whitehall out for her shakedown cruise.



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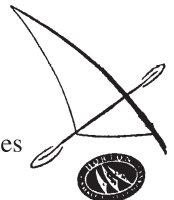
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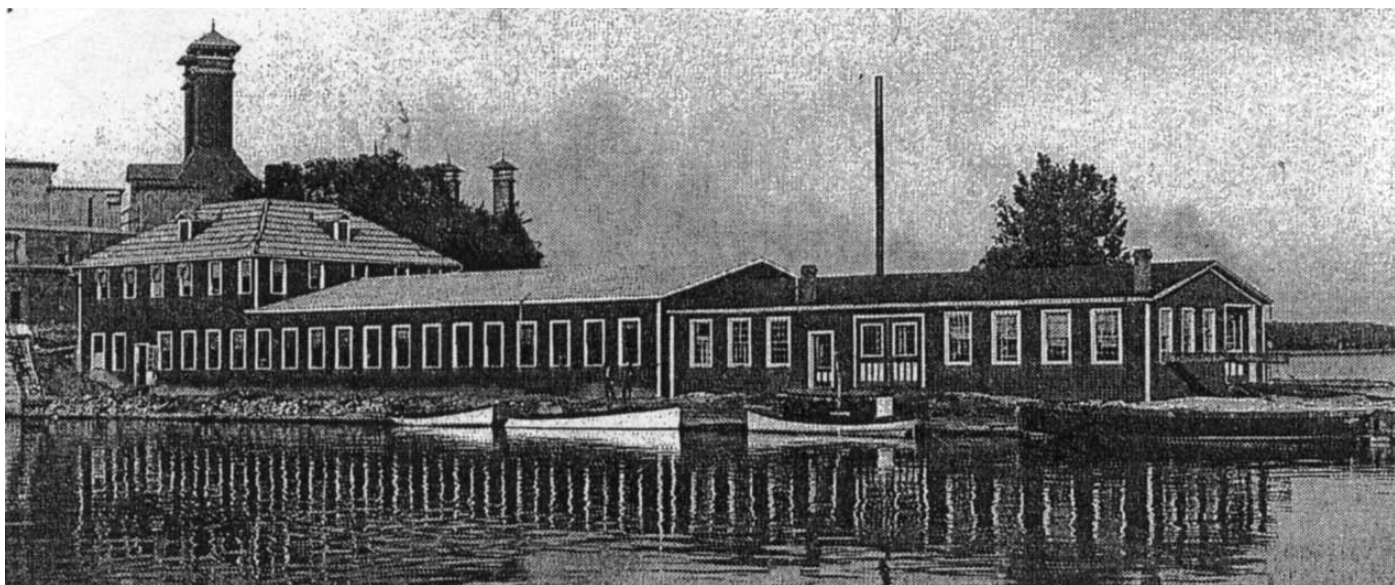
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The Bay & Bowen factory in Geneva, New York.

Today, the name Fay & Bowen means little outside Geneva, New York, or the circle of antique and classic boating enthusiasts. In the first quarter of the 19th century, however, the Fay & Bowen Engine Company was known worldwide as the builders of quality pleasure craft and reliable engines. Fay & Bowen was to the boating industry what Packard and Pierce Arrow were to the automobile industry, the best one could buy. From 1900 until 1929 it is estimated that Fay & Bowen built nearly 900 boats and an unknown number of engines. About one-third of these are still in existence, a testimonial to F&B's slogan, "None Better Built."

Walter L. Fay and Ernest S. Bowen complemented each other in their business pursuits. Both men had been born in Cayuga County, New York, Mr. Fay in 1859 and Mr. Bowen in 1858. Mr. Fay was raised in New York City where his father was engaged in the wholesale dry goods business. After high school Mr. Fay joined his father in the business and had no opportunity for higher education. He later returned to Auburn, New York, and was employed by the Osborne Company, working his way from an office boy to a management position in the company's office, in total he had gained 17 years of manufacturing experience at two different Auburn firms prior to his partnership with Mr. Bowen.

Mr. Bowen, at an early age, had an interest in mechanics. At the age of 18 he learned the machinist's trade. After four years in the trade he entered Hillsdale College in Michigan, transferred to Cornell University, and graduated with high honors in mechanical engineering. He worked for five years in his chosen field in Auburn. Being members of the same church, Mr. Fay and Mr. Bowen became good friends, and in 1895 decided to form a business partnership.

In the 1890s the bicycle craze was at its peak. This phenomenon was brought about by the introduction of the bicycle with two tires of equal size. Mr. Fay and Mr. Bowen established a business making spokes and nipples for bicycles under the name of Fay & Bowen. It is interesting that other noted inventors such as the Wright Brothers and Glenn Curtiss also began in the bicycle business. Mr. Fay's experience in management

Fay & Bowen Engine Company

By Charles Bauder, Executive Director
Geneva Historical Society
Reprinted from *The Copper Nail*, Newsletter
of the Finger Lakes Boating Museum



Walter L. Fay



Ernest S. Bowen

and salesmanship, combined with Mr. Bowen's mechanical knowledge, resulted in a very profitable operation. In 1900 the company was sold to a larger firm in Connecticut which also was engaged in the manufacture of bicycle spokes.

During this period Mr. Bowen had become interested in the internal combustion engine. After studying other small marine engines on the market, Mr. Bowen felt that he could build a better one. By July of 1900 the first Fay & Bowen engine was ready for testing. The partners raised \$25,000 capital and manufacturing shifted from bicycle parts to marine engines. About a year later they added a line of small motorboats. From the start their business was successful. They were meticulous about their product, using only the best materials and a thorough testing of their product before shipment. RELIABILITY was of utmost importance and was the focus of their advertising.

During their first three years of operation the engines were built in a small brick factory in an industrial section of Auburn. The boats were built in a shop at the outlet to Owasco Lake. The engines had to be trucked to the outlet, installed in the boats, and then tested on Owasco Lake. The completed boat then had to be loaded on a truck and taken to

the Auburn freight station some three miles away. It seems that there was nowhere in Auburn where the two operations could be consolidated. The two sites were affecting the growth of the business. The partners began looking for a more convenient location.

One was found in Geneva, New York, at the north end of Seneca Lake at the entrance to the Seneca-Cayuga Canal that connects with the Erie Canal. The New York Central Railroad freight station was across the street, and the Lehigh Valley Railroad station was only blocks away. The location was also adjacent to the main highway running across the state, Route 5&20. The triangular piece of land measured 400' along the lake, 262' along the canal, and 230' along Route 5&20. This location allowed the company to ship its boats and engines anywhere in this country or in the world. The property was purchased in January 1904.

By this time the company was incorporated as the Fay & Bowen Engine Company with Walter Fay, president and treasurer; Ernest Bowen, vice president and superintendent; and Walter Ware, secretary. Glenn Gray, who worked in the office with Mr. Fay, later became treasurer (it was Mr. Gray who handled, affairs in the final days of the company). Although the firm today is better known for its boats, the manufacture of internal combustion engines was the larger part of the business. RELIABILITY became the company's motto.

A circa 1911 article about the company noted that the firm manufactured internal combustion engines, marine and stationary, operating on gasoline, kerosene, natural or artificial gas, and, almost as an afterthought, noted "they also manufacture launches." Their engines were used for stationary power plants as well as for marine use. Farmers used F&B engines to generate electricity and to power milking machines. A local meat market in Geneva, Baumgartner & Sons, used a Fay & Bowen engine to power a sausage grinder.

In an article by Robert Power in a 1917 issue of *Power Boating*, Mr. Fay is quoted, "We never built an engine that didn't run successfully. Nothing we put out was ever scrapped and we still hear from owners of machines built in the early days." The first

engines were two-cycle and the conservative attitude of the company kept them in production long after the four-cycle engine became popular, the conversion to four-cycle was made in 1910. The company continued to build a quality product. The engines had large valves, lots of power, oversized bearings, and quality materials. These engines were "state of the art" until superior engines were developed during World War I. Each engine was tested and tuned.

The company's manual read, "Instead of asking our customers to spend their vacation in finishing and testing our motors, we do it here, and we do it thoroughly." Mr. Fay and Mr. Bowen had the idea that by putting real value into their product they would make lifelong clients of their customers.



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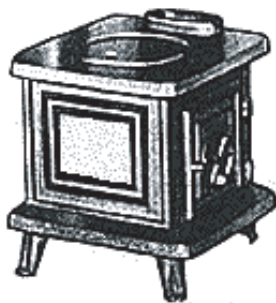
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The Geneva location allowed room for expansion. By 1917 the complex had grown to 10 buildings including a boat building shop, an engine building shop, a storage and engine installation shop, a paint shop, a boiler house, a blacksmith shop, motorboat storage sheds, and a marine railway. At its peak F&B employed nearly 100 people and had a dealer network nationwide and in 22 different countries. In the U.S. Walter Harris had the largest agency at the southern end of Lake George. There were so many Fay & Bowen boats on Lake George that races were held for each of the F&B models.

Owning a Fay & Bowen boat was truly a luxury enjoyed only by those with means. During the lifetime of the company prices of Fay & Bowen boats ranged from \$875 to \$4,500. A 1925 Power Boat price list notes that a 20' runabout can be purchased for \$1,200 or one could spend \$3,950 for a 25' "sport model" with a 40hp four-cylinder engine with electric start. This was a time when a Model T Ford sold for \$395 and the average worker earned about \$20 per week. Their engines were equally expensive, ranging in price from \$350 to \$1,190 in 1924.

Fay & Bowen built a number of stock model boats as well as some custom-built ones. Stock models came in 18', 21', 24', 27', and 30'. One year four 40' cabin cruisers were built. The Family Launch was a popular stock model, it was available in 21' or 25' and was equipped with a 5hp one-cylinder two-cycle engine. The Family Launch had a torpedo stern (pointed) and side seat benches. In 1911 the Special was added, a 25' launch with a double cockpit, a flat radial stern, and a 10hp engine.

With the demand for an auto-type boat, one with a conventional cockpit such as is found in today's boats, the Junior Runabout was built and tested in 1914. This model was the hit of the 1915 Motor Boat Show. It had a fast, rakish hull with raised sheer, a long forward mahogany deck, and a large copper horn ventilator (the trademark for the runabout). The first runabouts were 24' long with a 5' beam, eventually a 27' model was added. Engines were four-cycle, four-cylinder ranging from 10hp to 18hp. Top speed of the runabout was 16mph.

1916 saw the last major design change, the introduction of the 30' "Raised Deck Runabout" designed by Morris K. Whitaker of Nyack, New York. This model had a 27' hand-carved arrow running the length of the hull. It was powered by a six-cylinder 50hp engine and could attain a top speed of 21mph. The "Raised Deck Runabout" introduced the folding windshield and the sharp bow sprint, which later became available on

other models. Additional equipment included an auto top complete with side curtains for \$140. The company continued to improve on these models through the late 1920s.

All Fay & Bowen hulls were built of southern white cedar, red Louisiana swamp cypress, or mahogany over white oak frames. All were copper fastened (copper rivets over copper burrs).

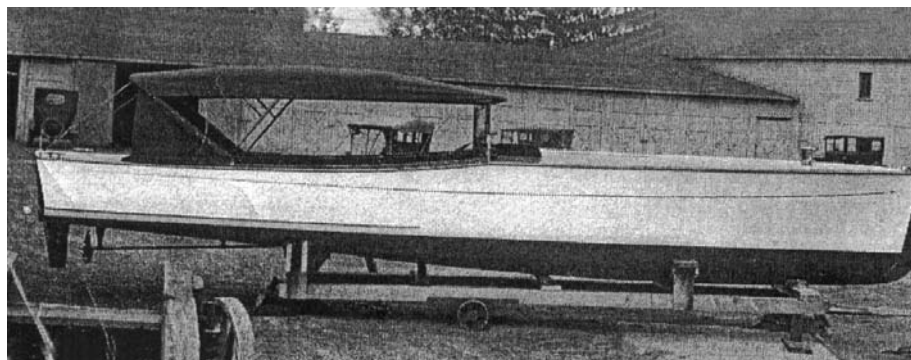
Mr. Bowen died in 1912 of pneumonia (at the time he was working on the development of an automobile engine). Fortunately Walter Ware, who moved with the company from Auburn, had been well trained by Mr. Bowen and was able to take over Mr. Bowen's duties. In 1921 Mr. Fay retired and became chairman of the board and Mr. Ware became president. Mr. Fay died in 1936.

Throughout their partnership Mr. Fay and Mr. Bowen maintained an ultra-conservative attitude about their product. Although they were always seeking to improve their product, they were not interested in producing new and different lines every year, or even every three years. They considered their boats to be "pleasure craft," to be used in the enjoyment of life. An early catalog describes the operation of a motorboat as "healthful and restful."

As times changed, Fay & Bowen continued to build round-bottom, displacement hull boats. They advertised their boats as "reliable, durable, simple, quiet, steady, economical, clean, controllable, and handsome." There was no mention of speed which had become the priority of the boat buyers of the 1920s. Management felt that the faster "VEE" bottom designed speed boats built by Chris Craft, Gar Wood, and others were not comfortable, made more noise, and did not meet the standards of Mr. Fay and Mr. Bowen. Furthermore, they were not reliable. In the waning years of the company, a 27' VEE-bottom runabout was introduced, but it was too late.

It could be said that management's unwillingness to keep up with the times and the new notion of "speed" and "power" led to the demise of the company. Through the '20s orders continued to come in, but they became fewer and fewer and Fay & Bowen began to lose their dealer network. The company's Lake George dealer, Mr. Harris, repeatedly told them to "get modern." At the 1929 annual meeting of stockholders the directors were empowered to liquidate the company. The engine portion was sold to a Philadelphia firm and the equipment was moved there. The property and boat building operation was sold at public auction to three local businessmen and a Fay & Bowen employee for \$19,600.

A Fay & Bowen Long Deck.



Fay & Bowen 100th Anniversary 2004

By Ed Wightman

In July of 2004 Fay & Bowen was chosen to be the 2004 theme boat for the Museum's annual exhibit which took place in Geneva, the home of the Fay & Bowen Engine Company, as a means to recognize its 100th anniversary. The Museum does not yet have an F&B in its own collection, however, several F&B and FayBow boats and engines were on hand at the three-day event.

1903 Fay & Bowen Launch, 18' (Auburn built), Bill and Margie Siegenthaler, Southport, North Carolina, and Wellesley Island, New York.

1905 Fay & Bowen Engine, one-cylinder, 2.5hp, Serial #335, Keith and Karen Billet, Wrightsville, Pennsylvania.

Fay & Bowen Engine, Bruce Hall, Kings Ferry, New York.

1908 Fay & Bowen Launch, torpedo stern 21', Brian and Elizabeth Chaplin, Landing, New Jersey.

1910 Fay & Bowen Launch, torpedo stern 25', Bruce Barnard and Sandy McLean, Falmouth, Massachusetts, and Mount Dora, Florida.

1910 Fay & Bowen Special, 26', Dick and Cynthia Sherwood, Webster, New York.

1912 Fay & Bowen Launch, torpedo stern, 26', Dan and Afra Sutherland, Branchport, New York.

1912 Fay & Bowen Special Raised Deck Launch 26', Bill and Carolyn Ticknor, Hickory Corners, Michigan.

1920 Fay & Bowen Junior Runabout, 24', Deke and Carol Morrison, Old Forge, New York & Vero Beach, Florida.

1925 Fay & Bowen Golden Arrow, 30', Lake George Antique Boat Museum, Bolton Landing, New York.

193? FayBow Middy, 17', Steve Naimoli, Geneva, NY.

1931 FayBow Runabout, 17', Randall Spurr, St. Louis, Missouri.

The celebration began on Wednesday with a great display at our headquarters hotel. Graphic displays were created by Bonnie Barney (FLBM Trustee) and F&B engines were provided by Bruce Hall (FLBM member) and guest Keith Billet. Our guests received wheel chocks with dash plate, a bottle of Glenora wine with a special F&B Centennial label, a program book, and a commemorative poster.

The City of Geneva was the primary supporter of the event. FLBM thanks City Manager Rich Rising and his staff, especially Martha Wilson and her Recreation Department. The City provided the Recreation Center for our use as the "boathouse" and secure display facility throughout the entire event.

Thursday began with a cruise to Seneca Falls. The boats were launched at the Seneca State Park and proceeded down the canal, through the Waterloo lock, and on to Seneca Falls. While there, we were guests of the Seneca Museum where we enjoyed listening to Don McMann tell of his electric boat business while we ate our box lunches. Thursday concluded with a reception at the Geneva Historical Society. Director Charles Bauder and Curator John Marks hosted the reception

in the gallery with its display of "Boats of the Finger Lakes." This was a perfect setting for the boat owners to share their special pieces of Fay & Bowen history.

Friday was the day to play tourist and explore the area. At day's end all returned to move the boats onto the street to join BID's old automobile Crusin' Night. The boats were a big hit and it is estimated that the crowd numbered over 7,000 people.

Saturday, the final day of festivities, featured a land display of the Fay & Bowen and FayBow boats in Geneva's City Park on the north shore of Seneca Lake. The theme boats were complemented with about 20 other Finger Lakes built boats. It was an impressive display of Finger Lakes boating history. Late in the morning an historical marker dedication ceremony was held with Mayor Donald H. Cass, G.H.S. Director Charles Bauder, and FLBM President Ed Wightman, and State Senator Michael Nozzolio spoke appropriate remarks and then unveiled the 4' monument while onlookers applauded. This is Geneva's first waterfront historical marker.

FLBM hosted a buffet luncheon for the Museum's Donor Level members. This provided an opportunity to personally thank these members for their generous support. We also were able to bring folks up to date on our pursuit of a permanent facility. Vice President Bill Oben led the presentation and ensuing discussion.



Late in the afternoon the boats were returned to the "boathouse" in time for the evening banquet at the Ramada. James "Jay" Higgins of Silver Springs, Maryland, and Saranac Lake, New York, a recognized Fay & Bowen and FayBow expert, treated us to an extensive slide show and talk that brought closure to the annual program.

Finally, the author (a Keuka Lake person) had his first boat ride on Seneca Lake, and that in a Fay & Bowen Golden Arrow. It doesn't get any better than that. Thanks Henry Smith and the Lake George Museum.

The Finger Lakes Boating Museum

The Boating Museum does not have a permanent display space, but does operate a workshop at 733 East Lake Road, Dundee, New York, on Keuka Lake south of Penn Yan. Please visit our website at www.flbm.org for program details. Our mailing address is P.O. Box 676, Penn Yan, NY 14527. The Museum Board continues to work toward a permanent home for our collections and programs. One proposal is to develop a part of the former Penn Yan Boat Co. site in Penn Yan.

Meanwhile, as a museum without walls we come to the communities. In 2006 we have displayed Finger Lakes built boats and boating artifacts at the Rochester and Syracuse Boat Shows, the Arnot Mall and Rochester Dome Boat Shows, the Curtiss Museum, and the Bass Pro Shop.

The annual summer boat show focuses each year on a different builder: Penn Yan, Wright-Built, Thompson, Fay & Bowen (in 2004 as reported). In 2006 the chosen builder is Morehouse Boats. We also take our road show trailer to several communities for summer events.

We know of numerous boatbuilders once active on the Finger Lakes:

Do you know of any others? There were many. Please contact us.

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The place where I grew up has a bunch of ponds scattered all around and we kept some kind of old boat or other in each one of them. Usually those boats were the everlasting, immobile, flat-bottomed, cypress style that stayed in the water and full of water and skeeter wigglers all the time. Sometimes somebody would want to use one bad enough to dip the water out and pull the willow trees out of the cracks in the bottom, but most of the time they stayed right where they were and we fished off the bank.

Usually I was the one who went to all the trouble to make one of the old boats move because I wasn't patient enough to sit in the same place, watch my cork, and wait for the fish to come to me. I could see them out there roiling the water outside of casting range and I deluded myself that if I could just get out there I could catch them. Getting ready to go was always so much trouble that by the time I got straightened out, the fish had gotten tired of waiting and gone on over there where the bank fishermen were to get caught.

Not only were there all these ponds, but back at the back of the old place there was a respectable river, one of those meandering kind with cutoff sloughs full of fish and ducks all through the woods down there. The habits of the river made it so we couldn't keep a boat back there for long. I yearned for a little lightweight boat that I could carry all by myself from one little hole of water to another and even the main river when it was navigable.

This was back in the days of the wood canvas canoe and some of our Yankee cousins brought them down. They were fun while they lasted, but they didn't last very long in these conditions. The water that got between the canvas and the slats never got a chance to dry out in this humidity and they would grow a crop of mushrooms after about one season unless they were carefully dried out in the loft of the barn every time they got wet, and such maintenance is not in the nature of my family. When gas got rationed during World War II they stopped bringing them down anyway, so I took the roof off my uncle's chicken house operation that he abandoned when he went off to fight and made me a tin canoe.

You wouldn't think that the jackleg efforts of a filthy dirty, poorly supervised child would turn out to be worth a flip, but even now that I am a serious (well), professional boatbuilder with almost 40 years in the business, I seldom build a boat that turns out much better than those tin canoes.

The first tin canoes were primitive. They were satisfactory alright, but they needed improvement. I remember the launching of the very first one as if it just happened yesterday. I think it was 16' long and I know it was made of one sheet of what they call "five 'V' crimp" roofing tin meant to span 2' on the roof of something like a chicken house. I bent the ends of the tin up and nailed it onto two rough cypress 2"x4" stems sticking up almost vertical. Though it was caulked with regular, never get hard, roofing tar, it leaked not only around the stems but up through the holes where the nails used to be when the tin was still on the chicken house along the center crimp that became the keel.

The tar over the nail holes transferred itself to my skin when I was in the boat and earned me one of my early nicknames, "Spotty." The boat, though, was light and easy to drag by the stem through the bushes. The galvanize seemed to lubricate its bottom

The Best of Robb White 1997-2000

The Tin Canoe of World War II

By Robb White

(This title story of Robb's book published by Hyperion appeared in our January 15, 1998 issue)

(a fact exploited by the airboat builders around here for years until the invention of high-tech) and it slid over the grass and pond weeds like they weren't even there. I couldn't wait to get in. It took a few tries.

You had to be careful. The narrow tin made the balance between beam and freeboard real tricky. If you made it too narrow it was so tippy that you couldn't get settled before it turned over, and if you made it too wide it wouldn't have enough freeboard and would sink quickly to the bottom so that soon the only thing that would be sticking up out of the water would be me and the two stems. I was the one in the middle with the hat.

When I finally managed to get in and push off, I knew I had something. The tin canoe moved through the water like a snake. Just paddling with my hands would make it sizzle across the pond. I had to be very careful not to cut myself on the sharp edges of the tin and to keep track of the bilge water situation, but luckily the first pond was one of the shallow ones and I didn't lose my boat before I trained myself. I was obsessed. The abandoned chicken house had enough tin to make a big fleet of tin canoes and I instantly set to to improve the model. About the time all the men came home from World War II and stopped all those women from spoiling me, I had evolved the tin canoe into a mighty fine boat.

Initial assembly: The highly evolved "five 'V' crimp" tin canoe is built like this. You need a 16' sheet of tin. Short tin might seem, at first, to be more workable but we are messing around on the fringes of possible here and 12' or 14' of tin won't keep you out of the water quite as long as 16' will. After you get your tin home (that stuff will slide out of a pickup now and blow off a car, too), the first thing you do is wash it with strong detergent to get the oil off, then fold it down the middle like a piece of paper. Don't crimp it along the center crimp too bad, just enough to get the tin to come together at the stems.

Put some 3M 5200 or some other polyurethane adhesive sealant on a 1"x2" and screw the tin to it with short stainless steel flathead screws. See if you can drive the screws in so they bend the tin into a counter-sunk place so the heads will be sort of flush. It helps to pre-do it with strong hardened black steel screws that won't wring off before they get flush. I know it is a lot of trouble, but this is a high performance boat, you got to do it right. Don't cut yourself.

Stomping in the hull shape: This is the tricky part. If you think you have enough screws in both ends, you can go ahead right away and not wait the long time for that polyurethane to set up. My patience hasn't completely developed yet so I tell myself that it is best if the caulking is still sticky. That

way it will be able to follow the distortion of the tin as the hull is shaped.

Start stomping right in the middle. Bare feet, very gritty, are best but soft tennis shoes might work OK. Gradually stomp all the deadrise out of the tin in the center of the boat and work it forward and aft by walking and stomping. It is best to do this on soft ground, like a nice fluffy lawn. Do it in the back yard so you won't attract too much attention. Try to avoid places with big rocks, roots, or hickory nuts. Stomp accurately. Try not to let the edges that will become the gunwales get crimped too bad. Don't worry about little dents.

Soon you will notice that the bottom of the boat is assuming a hogged shape and that the two stems are lower than the place you are stomping. Don't worry about it. I read an article in *Messing About* that said that this is beneficial to performance. A long time ago, when I was brazing these tin canoes together, completely unaware that the zinc vapors from the galvanizing were deadly, I used to cut a dart fore and aft along the keel to eliminate this hog that I thought was so ugly. Now I know better. It keeps the waterline length long all the time. You might have to look for a little hill to move the stomping operation to so the lay of the land won't interfere with the hogging of the bottom.

As you pull the sides up and continue stomping a beautiful roundness into the turn of the bilge and the bottom, you will notice that the two stems are beginning to tumble home back toward you. I used to try to trim the ends of the tin to avoid this back when I was letting imaginary aesthetics override my better judgment. That tumblehome increases waterline length and looks good to me. At the final stages of stomping it is hard to keep from crimping the "sheer strake." Just try to keep from fatiguing the metal by crimping the same place over and over. It takes experience. Don't let yourself get frustrated.

Finishing touches: Finally, you will have stomped and pulled a nice lovely shape into the boat but it will be too limber and dangerous along the gunwales. A piece of quarter round screwed into the top "V" will cure that. No need for any 5200 (called "doo-get-around" in the trade) or even the ritual with the two kinds of flathead screws. Just use regular little sheet metal screws and pre-drill a little. After you get through with that, spring for some of that black plastic pipe that used to be so common. Put it out in the yard in the hot sun until it gets soft enough to cut with a sharp linoleum knife.

Lubricate the blade by dipping it into a jar of diesel fuel and rip that pipe full length all down one side. When the plastic starts pulling on the knife, dip it again. Don't cut yourself. While the pipe is still hot, slip it over the quarter round and tin of the gunwales. I don't know what your experience is, but in mine that makes the best rub rail in the world, not just for tin canoes but for any yacht tender. It is indestructible, cheap, and won't do any more damage to the paint (or gelcoat) of a yacht than anything else. It is sort of eye catching on a tin canoe. It is possible to delude folks into thinking you got something if you paddle away real quick before they get a chance to examine it too closely.

Adjustment: This is a borderline vessel. The freeboard-beam ratio I mentioned above might need to be re-stomped a little to suit the user. Fortunately it can usually be done right there at pond side. There is one thing

you ought to know, though. If your ass is much wider than 10" (compressed) there ain't going to be a whole hell of a lot that you can do.

Performance: You are going to be in for a surprise. I know that a lot of you think that I have been teasing all along with the tin canoe foolishness, but I'm serious. I have been in a lot of small fast paddling boats but there is nothing like a tin canoe. I don't know if it is the galvanized surface, the hog of the bottom, or the shape that the sheet metal dictates, or what, but it will fly. Even just paddling with your hands the speed is astonishing. Weeds and lily pads don't seem to affect it at all. It just zips through the water.

A double paddle helps keep it upright and makes it so that you can almost turn the thing a little, but you don't need it. That not

turning is one drawback, along with the tippi-ness and the 1/2" of freeboard, but you expect that in a boat like this. When you hook a fish in one of those things you have to work it a little differently. First, you have to be real careful not to get too excited or else you will either turn over or sink from not paying attention. The second thing is that, if there is any size to the fish at all, it is hard to tell who has whom. If the fish is anything but absolutely broadside to, the boat will zip off in a tack that is oblique to the line of pull and, in obedience of the Newton Laws of Motion, will continue like that until something stops it.

It will pass right by the fish and go on off in the same direction until the pull of the line finally stops it and reverses it, then it will zip backwards and either pass him again or cut him loose on the sharp tin stem (now

stern) or hang the line on some weeds or a snag. If the fish is dead ahead when he gets hooked he will just take you home with him. It is an adventure. It puts the fish on more of an even footing than when he is caught from a high tech, metal flaked, monster bass boat. If you are trying to use a fly rod I think it is about an even contest or maybe even favors the fish a little, if he could just figure out a way to take you home and eat you after he gets you in the water.

One last thing: You don't want to litter the bottom of any body of water with old tin canoes. You need to tie a crab trap float to one of the stems with enough line so you can find it and swim the boat back to the bank to dump the water out, too. Doing that will test that 10" butt, too.

The \$25 Outboard

By Richard H. Schneider

My folks lived along the Fox River in northern Illinois during summers and, of course, we had a rowboat. Weary of lugging at oars, I envied boaters passing me with outboard motors. Wouldn't one be wonderful, I thought. I'd be free to explore where I wished, even motor to the river's upper reaches. But in those post-Depression days the price of a motor was far beyond a 12-year-old.

Then I saw it! Our Montgomery Ward catalog showed a small 2hp outboard motor for \$25. Easy to carry, yet powerful enough to move our old rowboat at a fair clip. Perfect! It became my goal. I did everything I could to earn that \$25. Distributed circulars for a local grocery, and when my *Open Road for Boys* magazine offered a \$25 prize for best cartoon caption, I sent in my creations assiduously. I prayed, hoping God would have pity.

By July I was no closer to that motor than the catalog.

Come August, we went on a family vacation to a place called Shawano Lake in Wisconsin. A rowboat came with the cottage. My father heard of a boy with an outboard motor to rent. When he returned with it, I was dumbfounded. It was the 2hp \$25 motor in the Ward catalog! For much of that week I gleefully motored all over the lake at the helm of that dream engine. It was all one could have hoped for.

When it came time to leave I wanted to thank the boy who rented it to us, but we were in a hurry and as we drove away I felt mortified. For years I wished I could have let that boy know how much his motor meant to me.

Twenty years later I was publicity director for Walgreen drug stores at their Chicago headquarters. In preparing a news release I interviewed one of the merchandise buyers who I hadn't met before. He was about my age, and as we talked he mentioned he grew up in Wisconsin.

"Where?" I asked.

"On Shawano Lake."

A tingle went through me.

"Uh, by any chance did you own a 2hp outboard motor that was sold by Montgomery Ward?"

He looked a bit surprised.

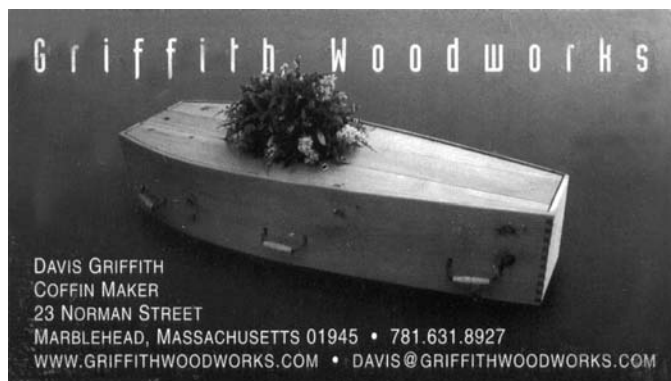
"Why yes," he said.

Another tingle went through me.

"Ever rent it out?"

"Why do you ask?"

My throat tightened as I reached for his hand.



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My little 12', 20lb Hornbeck Lost Pond boat (a slightly larger version of Henry Rushton's 10' Wee Lassie) comes very close to qualifying as my ideal boat except for one very serious drawback, it is definitely a solo boat. There is just no practical way to carry a passenger in it. Another drawback is that I would like my ideal boat to be able to sail sometimes. While it might be possible to conjure up a sail rig for it, I just don't think that a sail rig would be a practical idea for this boat. Although I will probably never part with this little canoe, it is still not my ideal boat so the quest continued.

A little before I bought my Lost Pond canoe, I stopped by a local outfitter and saw some beautiful Greenland style kayaks made by Valley Canoe in Nottingham, England. I have always been intrigued by kayaks and their ability to perform in some very rough wind and water. I also wanted to learn how to do an eskimo roll. I fell in love with these beautiful boats. I test paddled one and very seriously considered buying one. The Lost Pond boat, however, was the one best suited for me and my paddling desires at the time, so I bought it instead of a kayak.

The day I picked up my Lost Pond canoe from Pete Hornbeck's shop in Olmstedville, New York, I drove to Hulett's Landing on Lake George and launched it. I paddled down the lake to Glen Island and back again, a total distance of about eight miles. Just after I started the return part of the trip, a storm blew up and created some waves a little over a foot high. That little 12' Wee Lassie style canoe handled the wind and rough water beautifully, much better than I would have anticipated. Only a few drops of water splashed over the bow. I was convinced I had a very seaworthy boat!

About a year later my wife pointed out a classified ad in the local newspaper for a used Selkie model kayak made by Valley Canoe, just like the ones I test paddled a year before. It was about a year old and in excellent condition. The asking price was so attractive that I couldn't pass it up. A year before I had regretfully decided not to buy a kayak because the Lost Pond canoe was a better choice for me. But the appearance of the used kayak a year later was like a message from heaven, "you were meant to have both of these fine boats." So I bought the Selkie.

I gleefully started paddling my new kayak and attempted to teach myself how to

My Quest For The Ideal Boat

Part 2

By Bob Davidson



The bow of my Valley Selkie approaching Bailey Island Bridge, a unique bridge design connecting Orr's Island with Bailey Island, Maine.

do an eskimo roll with the assistance of one of the excellent books on the subject. This died-in-the-wool do-it-yourselfer found out the hard way that learning to eskimo roll is not a do-it-yourself project, at least not for me. The process of doing an eskimo roll is so counter-intuitive that one's natural instinct is to do the wrong thing. I finally caved in and took some lessons on how to do the eskimo roll. Eureka!!! It worked!!! Once learned, it's quite easy. It's easy to unlearn the knack between the seasons, though, especially if some extra weight and some extra inches around the middle are gained over the winter.

Like my Lost Pond boat, the kayak is easy to put on top of the car and take anywhere. The kayak is especially good for my six-plus hour drives to the Maine coast because it is so aerodynamic. It's also a head-turner. Everywhere I go I get admiring glances and a lot of oohs and aahs over how beautiful the kayak is. Up in Camden, Maine, there is an outfitter that gives two-hour guided kayak tours, along with a little instruction, for a reasonable cost. The kayak, paddle, and PFD are included in the cost. One day I was launching my kayak in the park in Camden harbor as one of these tours was just finishing. The tour guide pointed at my kayak and said, "Now there's a REAL kayak." One of the tour members frowned and asked, "What have we been paddling for the past two hours, chopped liver?"

I really enjoyed using my kayak in all kinds of weather. In fact, I tended to prefer rainy, windy, gloomy days because most of the stinkpot boats (the ones with the big motors) stayed ashore in that kind of weather. But as the years passed by, single handed-

ly lifting the 50lb kayak on and off the car began to become a little harder to do. I also thought it would be good to get into sailing. I had done some sailing in the past but had never owned a sailboat. I considered getting a sail for my kayak but there was still that problem of lifting that 50lb, somewhat awkward weight on and off the car each time I wanted to use it. Also, with my Greenland style kayak, without a rudder, the only practical kind of sail for it is only good for downwind sailing. I don't think they're worth a hoot trying to go to windward. Besides that, I also wanted the ability to carry a passenger once in a while. So I decided to look for a sailboat.


At about this time I picked up a copy of Dynamite Payson's book, *Build the New Instant Boats*. Now I'm the kind of guy who likes to at least try to be self-reliant. If I'm given the choice of buying something ready made, off the shelf, or making it myself, I'll usually go for making it myself. Even if it costs me more money and aggravation, which it usually does, it gives me more of an opportunity to "do it my way." Since I'm an old do-it-yourselfer at heart, I decided to try building my own boat. The trouble was, I was too impatient to build a really substantial boat. I wanted one I could build fast so I could use it without waiting too long for it to be finished. Since I had no experience in building boats, I decided to go for one of the smallest models, the Nymph. Rather than try to just build it from the book, I bought the Bolger-Payson plans.

I used both ordinary polyester resin and epoxy with that project. Based on that experience, I will probably never use polyester resin in the future. I will always use epoxy because I believe its superior qualities are well worth the extra cost. It is a vastly superior adhesive, it doesn't smell as bad, and it is easier to sand once it is cured (although the polyester resin I used was supposed to be "wax-free," it still seemed to leave a waxy residue that quickly clogged up the sandpaper). Another lesson I learned is that for me it is not worth using inferior materials to save costs in building a boat. It takes quite a bit of time to build a boat, and if I'm going to invest a large chunk of my time and life's blood into building a boat, I don't want to take the chance of it breaking or failing because I saved a few dimes and nickels by buying inferior materials.

The Nymph is a nice little boat as far as it goes. But before it was even finished I knew I wanted a bigger and better boat. Although the plans for the Nymph included a sailing option, I postponed the work of making the rudder, leeboard, and mast for quite a long time. I was eager to find a bigger and better boat project. Building the Nymph did give me valuable experience in reading boat plans and about boat building techniques in general, including experience with fiberglass, resin, and epoxy.

I looked around some more and then I bought the plans for the Bolger-Payson Cartopper. The Cartopper was a little closer in size to what I was looking for so I studied the plans carefully and seriously considered building it. Next time I'll tell you some more about my adventures and mis-adventures while getting into sailing. Meanwhile, if you're interested in seeing some color pictures of my various boats, take a look at my web site at www.bobsboats.com

(To Be Continued)



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The winter came and went and not much happened in my shop. I did install some new lights and removed the florescent shop lights as they fail me badly in cold weather.

As spring approached and the Lake Pepin Messabout got closer, I got motivated to get Ratty's Boat completed. The hull and rowing equipment was completed in the fall in time to test thing before the boat got stored for the winter. The mast had been started and just roughed out.

I removed the cross piece from the top of the rudder head and built a bell crank to attach the push pull stick. I glued together two pieces of 1"x2" poplar 8' long for the sprit. This wood is new on our market and I felt that is was time to use some. This clear wood seems a bit heavier than the SPF that we use a lot, but I'm betting that it is stronger, so the sprit got rounded up and tapered towards both ends. It is now about 1 1/8" in the center and about 7/8" at each end.

I made a push pull stick from some salvaged mahogany. This two-piece stick could be long enough to reach the center of the cockpit when extended.



The steering setup to be operated by the passenger when rowing using the push-pull tiller.

Now I need a sail. I was not confident about the mast centerboard placement so my starter sail would be made of blue polytarp. I wanted to prove the design before spending a lot for a good sail.

As I built the boat I used the procedure in Jim Michalak's book to find the proper



In My Shop - 8 Back to the Drawing Board

By Mississippi Bob

location of the various components. The mast, according to this formula, should have been in the centerboard trunk. This never seemed quite right but I built the boat with the mast just forward of the centerboard anyway.

The steering setup for sailing. Aluminum plates are firmly attached to the tiller and one pin holds the assembly to the top of the rudder head, allowing the tiller some free up and down movement. The sheet is led to the top of the tiller and forward to a jam cleat, which seems to be a good lead for the sail.



I was getting real nervous about the design so I loaded up all the parts and headed for Nakomis one morning when the winds were light. Parking was not a problem on a weekday morning as I had the lake to myself. I spent a few minutes getting things in order then got underway in a drifter. The wind would come and go and I didn't learn much about the balance of the rig. I did learn that the push pull idea was a miserable flop.

The sail rig got put away and the boat converted back into a row boat. The rowing features worked just fine and it was into the afternoon before I headed home.

Back to the drawing board. I cut out a tiller and hike stick from some old Chris Craft parts and made some hardware to mount it on top of the rudder head.

I went back to Nakomis again early in the day a few days later. I was there again for a drifter but that is what I wanted for this test. There was just enough wind to keep the boat moving and with the revised steering system it sailed surprisingly well. It would point up about 45° and it came through each tack just fine.

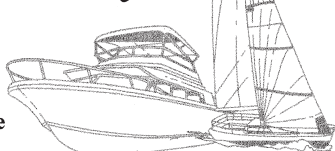
The polytarp sail was a sad excuse for a sail but I am ready to build another one and try to get a better shape. I feel that the boat will sail fairly well with a real sail and that is in the future.



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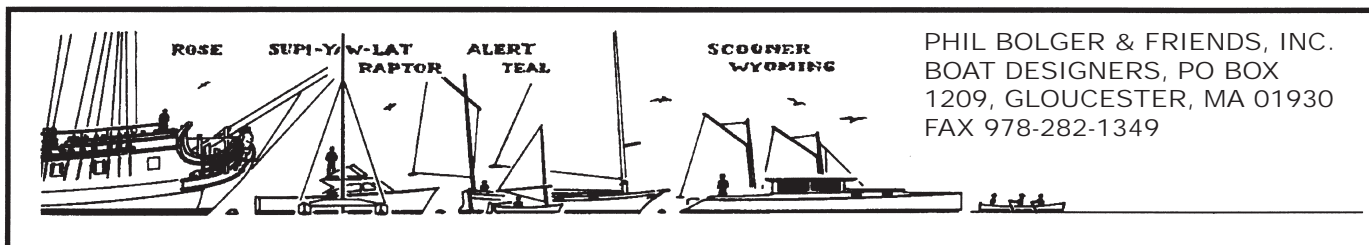
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I think Dynamite Payson sent these photos with a letter about something else. It's about the ultimate in opposition to the claims you see in some advertisements for fiberglass boats where they boast that no wood is used, also sometimes referred to as "vegetable matter." They claim to mean no perishables, and a pumpkin boat certainly is perishable. But temporary boats have had their uses...

"Pegasus" is really a dugout, using a knife and a spoon in this case, but as far as using it is concerned, it's comparable to a coracle. The definition of a coracle is "a boat made by covering a wicker framework with hide, cloth, or the like," but it traditionally ends up semi-globular, like the pumpkin boat. If it's stretched out into a more boatlike shape, you start calling it a currach. Both words are from Gaelic and the craft are traditional in Ireland. As far as I know, they have yet to use pumpkin dugouts there.

Circular and semi-globular craft have tempted designers off and on. Here we can show quite an elaborate preliminary study, done about a hundred years ago by a designer called Anson Phelps Stokes, proposing a mobile floating fort to the U.S. Navy for port defense. The first design was actually circular and almost hemispherical, but tank tests showed that the rudders were enveloped in eddies when it got underway and the vessel spun out of control at about 3kts. It was revised to be a little longer and shallower and called "globuloid." It was massively armored and bristled with guns, including two 15" guns that were supposed to be aimed by spinning the vessel, note the anchor well in her center also acting as a stack for her machinery. A naval officer commented that if he commanded it he would feel very safe, but that he wasn't confident that he could do much harm to an enemy.

The Imperial Russian Navy had one or two circular ships built in the late 19th century and at least one of them made a fairly long sea voyage, but they were desperately slow

Bolger on Design

Pumpkin Boat "Pegasus"

and unhandy. The advantage was supposed to be that they could carry immense weight, especially armor, for the necessary structural weight. The whole vessel could be armored, without the vulnerable ends of a longer armored ship.

Shortly after the Second World War, Outboard Marine Corporation commissioned some fantasy designs from a well-known industrial designer to draw attention to their advertising and one of them had a circular plan view. The idea was that you could sit in a swivel chair in the middle of it with a fishing rod extending out over the perimeter. It was shallow-bodied, with two small Evinrude two-stroke motors, and seemed to move quite well at very low speeds. It was finished to look very stylish, quite successful as an art object.

In recent years there have been a number of developments of boats working toward as long as wide, on account of various rules and fees based on the (highly unsound) idea that the length of a boat is a fair measure of her size. In Bristol Bay, Alaska, at some point some authority decreed that no boat over 32' long would be allowed to enter that very profitable fishery. I haven't checked lately, but these 32-footers were up to 20' wide and over a thousand horsepower some time ago. They will obviously make it to 32' beam sooner or later if this rule is kept long enough. I don't suppose they could get away with a boat, say, 32' long and 64' or more, wide...

Compactness is nothing to despise. Regular readers will know that we've done quite a few wide designs, including some more than half as wide as long. It's possible to shape a boat on those proportions that runs and behaves well at any designed speed, though not using spherical shapes. Handiness in tight places is the usual reason for such craft, including storage space, but it also can make for a very seaworthy craft as long as you don't need to move it fast against the sea. Our chunky 16' x 7' Shivaree outboard utility moves over the sea at well over 20kts with 50hp.

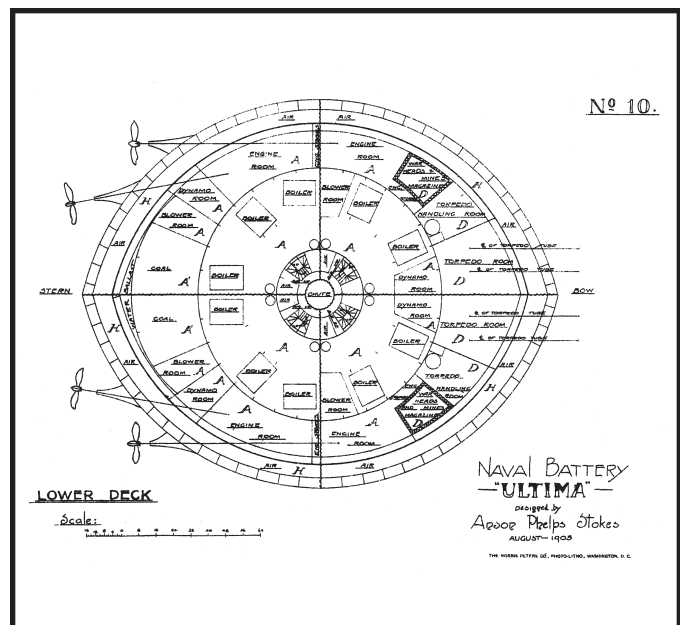
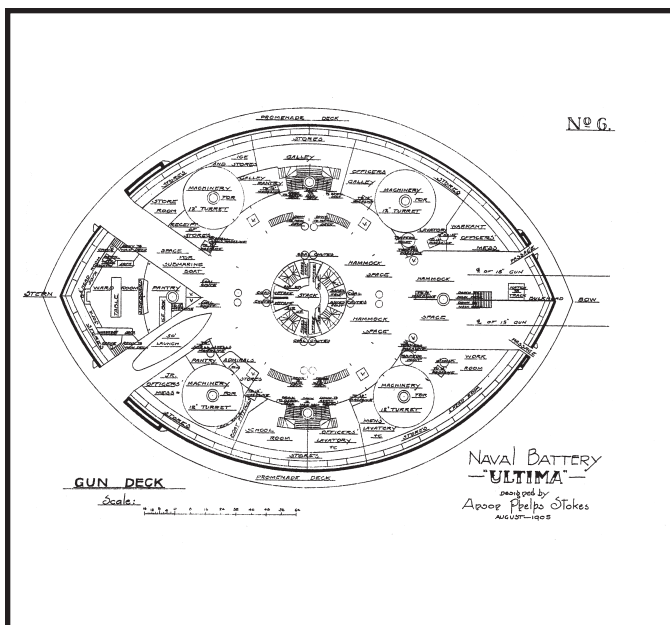
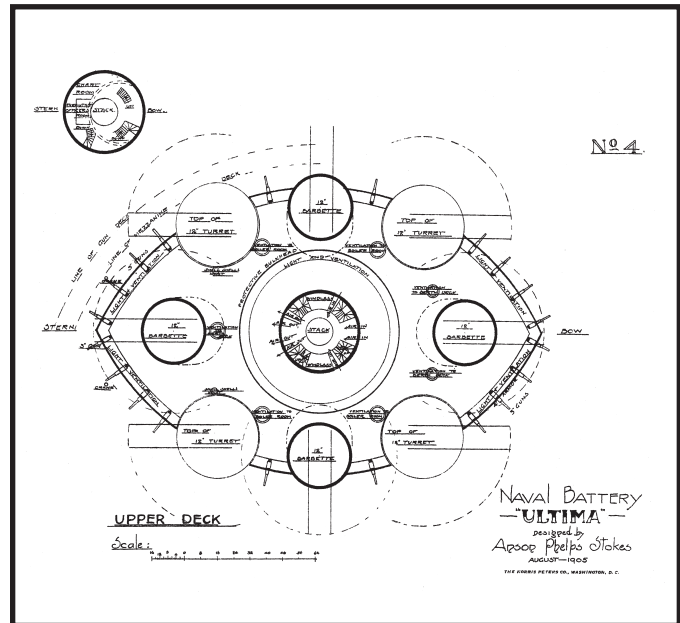
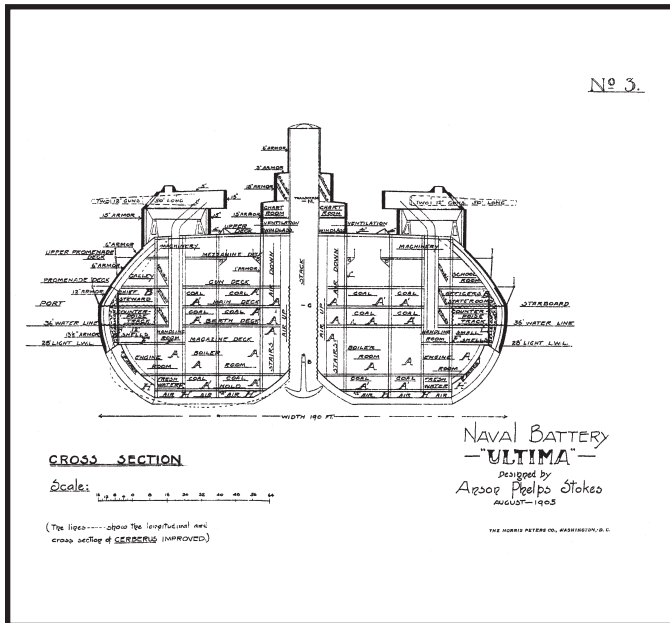
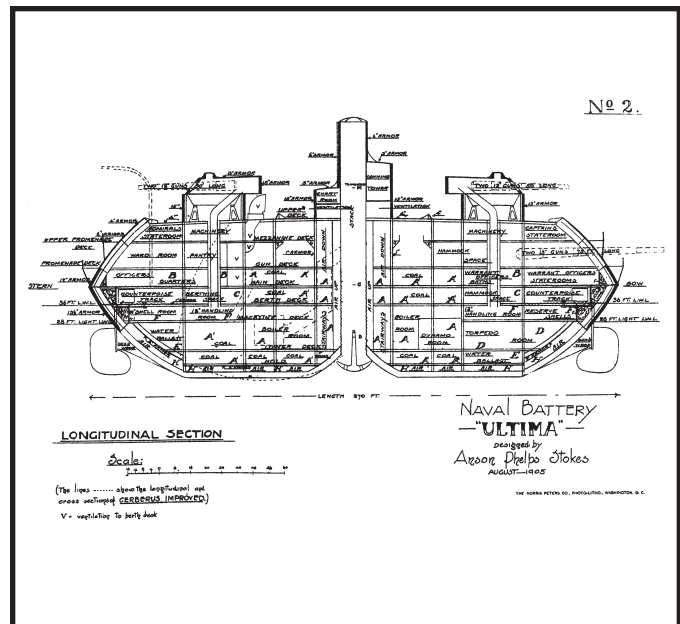
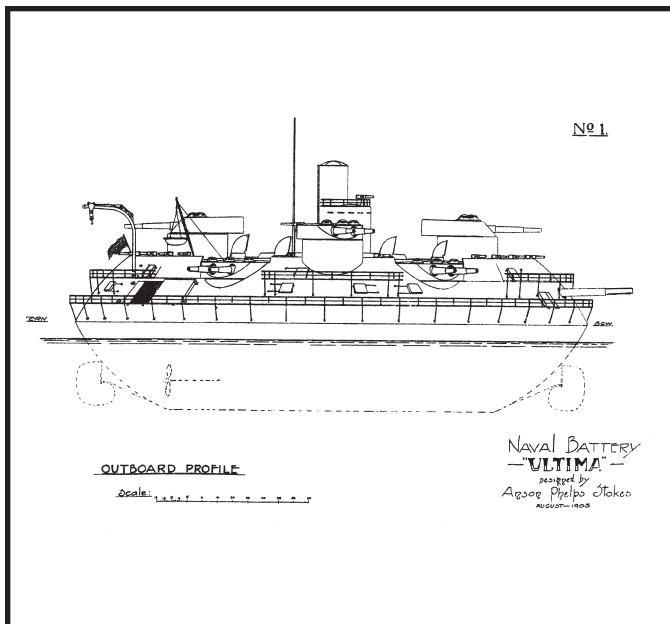
Back to the pumpkin boat "Pegasus." With a double paddle, as shown in the photo, you can make progress by taking very short and quick alternate strokes as close alongside as possible. My experience is that in craft with no directional stability, the best way to keep it moving is to use a quick sculling action over the end facing the way you want to go, using two hands on a single paddle or one end of a double paddle. In other words you scull tractor-fashion, pulling rather than pushing as you twist the blade for propulsion. I once covered something like a mile that way in a broken-down 13' Boston Whaler. An oar over the stern, or two paddles over the sides, would no doubt have been quicker but there was no oar and only one paddle. Incidentally, the young man with me couldn't get the hang of how a sculling action works. It's not hard to learn, and is worth knowing, to get a rowing boat through a narrow place, for instance.

For an adventure in a coracle I don't know a better one than the passage in *Treasure Island* where Jim Hawkins takes out Ben Gunn's goatskin coracle to set the Hispaniola adrift and later board her at sea. Stevenson could be sloppy in his nautical detail, but the behavior of the coracle is realistic and the episode is one of the best in an immortal book.

PS: By no means confuse "temporary boats" with Instant Boats as some of these, despite being of "vegetable matter," have been known to vastly outlast their builders' interest in using them.

PPS.: A quick slight about those "guaranteed wood-free boats". With crude oil today touching \$75 a barrel, farm-growing various types of vegetable matter, from pumpkins to fir, seems like a defensible approach to furnishing yourself with hull structures of various performance characteristics. There is indeed limited viability in a boat building industry depending exclusively on limited oil resources subject to rising demand and thus inevitably inflationary cost. "Pegasus" may only last a few days to match the peak of summer's boating season up north in Payson's country, but as that pickup truck moves her to her final rest, her spooned-out seeds will next year provide multiple hulls. Behold the unbeatable green (make that yellow!) business model of the self-replicating boat.





Peter R. Jepson has issued, in the May 15 issue, two challenges to have tides explained and I cannot resist rising to the bait, even if it may embarrass me in the end. There was a time I thought I knew about tides and even taught some of it as science.

Let me take up his second challenge first, why are there tides to begin with, and then get to some of the other aspects. I must begin with a story. I once taught oceanography at a community college and a colleague from the physics department walked into my office. Wasting no words on preliminaries he began, "So, how do you teach tidal forces in your course? What's the fundamental explanation you use?" "Well," I said calmly, "the tidal force is the net difference at the earth's surface between the gravitational attraction and the centrifugal force..." "Aha," he interrupted, "so you do this nonsense about centrifugal force, too!"

Now I was taken aback and you all know what that means nautically, "well, all the books, blah, blah, blah..."

He cut me off again and went into his tale. "I was at a party the other day and told some naval types that the chapter in Bowditch on tides had it all wrong." You probably know that Bowditch's *American Practical Navigator* has been the bible for generations of seafarers on navigation onshore and off. He went on, "The explana-

Tides, Centrifugal Forces & Other Strange Effects

By Hermann Gucinski

tion of centrifugal forces is perhaps not completely wrong but is misleading, confusing, and unnecessary." The party discussion must have gone on at length but the upshot was that they told him, "If you're so smart, then write us a better one."

So my colleague did and his version made it into Bowditch, though I notice that in the most recent editions (available online at www.irbs.com/bowditch/) centrifugal force is back. So it looks like I can't go on unless we tackle this notorious force.

Remember the carnival rotor? Heck, remember carnivals? Back in the olden days some carnivals sported a large, rotating barrel. You got in, the door closed, you stood against the barrel wall, and the thing started spinning. At some point the floor would drop out below you and you were pinned against the wall.

"Aha," you say, "the centrifugal force pinned you against the wall." I admit that it sure felt like I would go flying off into space, directly away from the barrel axis, if the wall let go. In my frame of reference I could feel the centrifugal force. But had the wall given way, I would have flown in a line tangent to the barrel wall, not radially outward!

You can demonstrate this to yourself by tying a heavy object to a string. Spin the string and weight and watch closely when you let go, the weight will NOT fly in the direction the string is pointed at the moment of release but will fly at right angles to that line. There is no centrifugal force! (Weidner and Sells state in *Elementary Classical Physics*, "The term centrifugal force is also used in discussion of circular motion, often misleadingly. A centrifugal force does not exist when one applies Newton's laws in an inertial frame. The centrifugal force is a fictitious force introduced to describe motion in a rotating, and therefore non-inertial, reference frame.")

So what's that got to do with tides?

Just this: Look at Figure 1, a picture of the earth-moon system. Gravity is holding both in orbit, spinning about their common center of mass. Because the earth is so much more massive (about 81 times), this center is below the earth's surface (about 74% of the earth's radius from the center) but is not at the earth's center. So at the point on the earth's surface directly below the moon, the gravitational force is greater than at the center of mass of the system and hence water is pulled toward the moon (more on that later). On the earth's side directly opposite the force is not only less, but negative, and water is pulled away from the moon so a bulge of water forms there, too. (Figure 2 tries to show that using some math).


That's all there's to it. No centrifugal force even mentioned.

It follows that since the earth does a complete revolution in a day, two bulges (high tides) will occur per day and two low tides. Because the moon does not stand still but lags the earth's spin, this is not quite true, the two high tides will be about 12 hours and 25 minutes apart.

"Hold on," you say, "we're not so easily taken in." I can see your furrowed brow, maybe even a skeptical grin, and I can picture some of your questions. So, how come the high tides are sometimes unequal? How come tides seem to be higher at higher latitudes, the highest tides in the world occur at the Bay of Fundy (about 45 degrees North), the English Channel (50 degrees North), Inchon, Korea (38 degrees North)? How come we have places that have only one high and one low tide per day (diurnal tides)? If the moon is high in the sky in the northern hemisphere, the opposite bulge will be in the southern hemisphere as the world turns, that one will never make it to my place so what goes on here? And, as Peter asks, why isn't the water moving along with the moon in perfect coordination and everything is kept in perfect balance?

These are excellent and thoughtful questions and deserve an answer. I will be delighted to tackle these provided there is enough interest and that my points make sense to you, otherwise this is nothing but an exercise in fatuous prolixity.

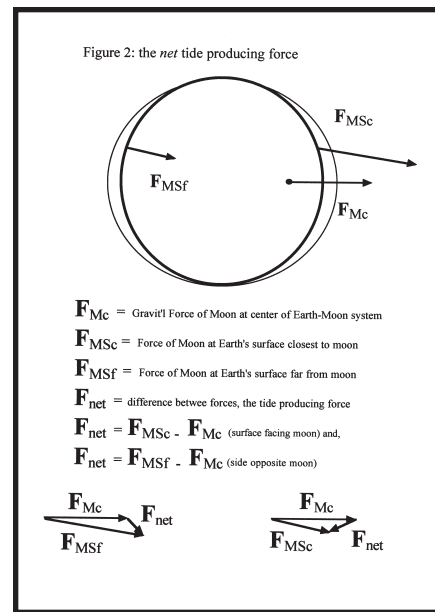
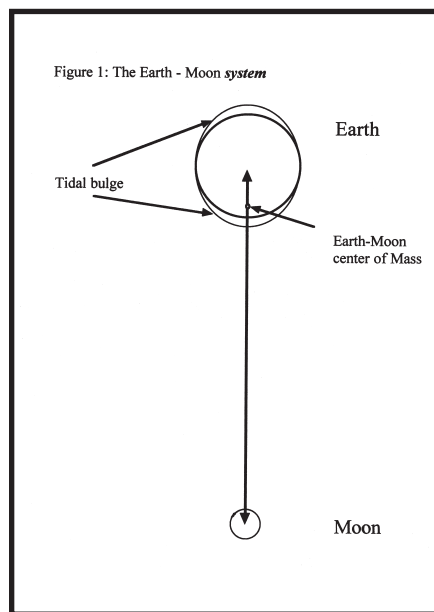
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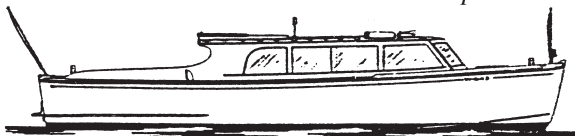


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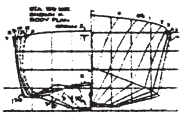
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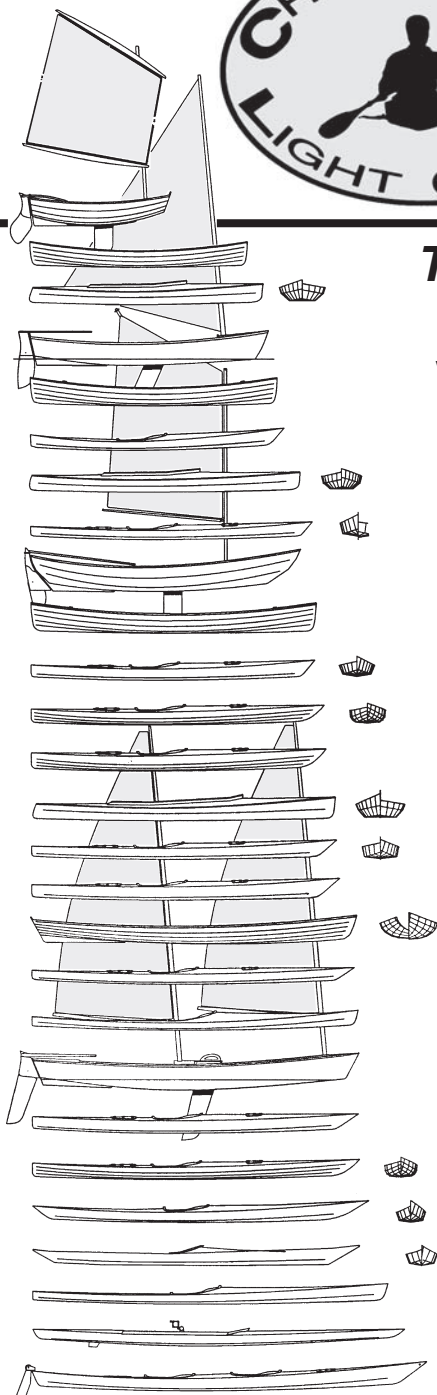
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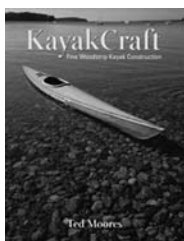
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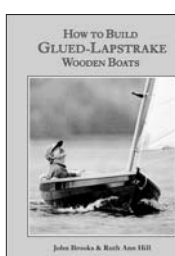
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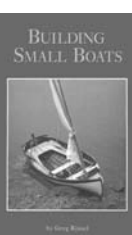
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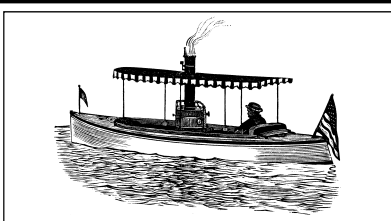


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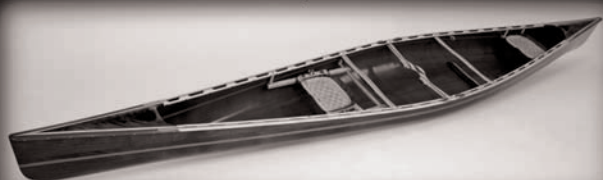
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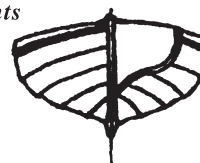
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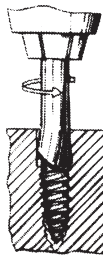
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Bolger Wooden Micro Trawler, w/Caravan trlr, Honda 45. Goes 25-35mph. Newly painted, gd cond. \$14,000.
SUSAN MACHAMER, Upstate NY, (315) 247-9003 (9P)

Bolger Nymph Dinghy, w/custom made oars, bronze oarlocks. Professionally built. Light weight, easily car toppable. Hull red w/white boot top, blue bottom. Interior varnished. British Board of Trade "Plimsoll" marks on both sides so that boat can't be overloaded with too many cases of beer or groceries. Enjoy a great dinghy for only \$450. See Nymph dinghy on Google for details.
CONBERT H. BENNECK, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-5351 (8)

Susan Skiff, classic wooden boat, 11½' long lap-strake, brass oarlocks, oars. Vy gd cond. \$850.
GREG PECK, Groton, CT, (860) 572-9551 (8)

Lightweight Canoe Outfit, consisting of a 12' aluminum canoe (Radisson) weighing about 33lbs, a "Cruise-n-Carry" 1.5hp ob weighing 12lbs, 2 paddles that double as oars (oarlock attached), a 1gal gasoline carrier, a folding anchor & rode, 1 life jacket & a brand new life vest, 1 bow dolly, & a rig to make cartop loading easy. Incl manual for engine, certificate of origin, & registration. Reason for sale: age. Price: \$395.
JOSEPH RESS, Waban, MA, (617) 965-7714, charles.river@rcn.com (8)

1962 36' Chris Craft Constellation. Your cottage-on-the-water. \$4,000 obo.
BERT NOYES, Newbury, MA, (978)-462-4250 (8)



Phil Bolger Hawkeye Light Workboat, 18'6" long, 8' beam. Built '03 of marine ply & West System™ epoxy, 'workboat finish,' solid boat but nds cosmetic work. '03 25hp Mercury long shaft 4-stroke 'big foot' ob run less than 50 hrs. Warranty to 4/08. '01 2,500lb capacity galv trlr w/replacement wheel bearings professionally fitted 12/05. Runs at 15mph on flat water w/2 onboard. Gas consumption less than 1gph. Garmin GPS/Fishfinder, Standard Horizon VHF, anchor, boarding ladder. \$2,200 for quick sale. Also Annapolis Wherry, '02 from CLC kit. Fixed seat, 2 rowing positions, bright inside w/1pr Shaw & Tenney spoon blade oars. \$1,000.
PAUL TAYLOR, Palm Coast, FL, (386) 986-3060, mal-ish@juno.com (8)

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12' San Francisco Pelican, plywood, flat bottomed, built '78. In garage for 6 yrs. Standing lug rig w/jib. 2hp 4-stroke Honda long shaft w/vy few hrs. Trlr nds work, new trlr would be best. 8' pram w/7' oars incl. Ideal for Cape Cod harbors. \$2,500 obo.
CHRIS WORTHINGTON, E. Weymouth, MA, (781) 355-1023 (8)

14' FG Whitehall Rowing Boats (2), 1 @ \$850, other \$750. Both \$1,500 w/oars. Both in exc cond. Located NW IN.
JACK RENTNER, Crown Point, IN, (219) 662-0779 (8)

17' Chestnut Prospector Canoe, wood/canvas. Built by Don Fraser on orig Chestnut mold in '86. Used few times on wilderness canoe trips. Always stored under cover. Still in gd cond. \$800.
JOHN FISKE, Beverly, MA, (978) 921-5220, john-fiske@comcast.net (8)

14' Peep Hen (Florida Bay Boat Co.), 1986, very sound, good sail, bimini, "summer cabin," trailer (galvanized), much equipment, ready to go. Simplicity at its very best! Great opportunity @ \$4,700 (or \$5,000 with older Evinrude 6hp, \$5,500 with almost new Honda 5hp).
PHIL WOOTEN, Mid-Atlantic area, (304) 283-6938, (304) 579-2508 (8)



'63 Crosby Striper, #83, 24'. Cedar on oak hull compl refurbished '03. New 120hp Vitus Diesel, radar, VHF, electrical system. \$18k boat, \$22k boat & trlr.
HUGH MARTIN, Vinalhaven Island, ME, (207) 863-4817, hugh01@comcast.net (7)



Hogfish, 32' shoal draft sharpie, cutter rig, built by master boatbuilder/sailor Chris Morejohn. Recently renovated & back from 8th Bahamas cruise. Sails, canvas, engine, electronics, head, stove, fridge, cushions, etc new 2005. Fully equipped for liveaboard cruising. Turnkey vessel. \$18,500.
ROB KREIT, Lancaster, VA, (804) 462-9840, beapoint@peoplepc.com (6)

18'6" Sea Kayaks, lightweight high performance, beautiful wood strip, outstanding classic design. Tough functional wood cored fg. These kayaks are fast, long narrow craft & handle effortlessly. They have shallow arch hulls which become deep Vs at the bow & stern to cut smoothly through the waves. The bow is designed with added volume to rise over waves. Two to choose from, brand new. \$3,500 & \$4,500 neg.
EDWARD KENNEDY, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-3842 (7)

17' Loudon FG Rowing Boat, '01. Dbl ended, 2 rowing stations w/adjustable foot braces & seats. 2pr 7.5' spoon oars. White hull, red stripe. See www.rossiterboats.com for pics. \$1,999.
PENN PFAUTZ, Middletown, NJ, (732) 957-0474, ppfautz@comcast.net (7)

Bolger Sea Hawk, dory skiff, 16' w/ 8hp Yamaha 4-stroke & trailer. All 2003. \$1500.
PAUL SALKALN, Bangor, ME (207) 947-6896, salkaln2@aol.com (8)

19' Hutchins ComPac, some updating, clean boat. asking \$5,800. Have a CP trlr nds some work, free w/purchase. Mooring on Parker River available.
FERNALD'S, 291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (7)

25' Albin Motor Sailer, fg w/2cyl Volvo Diesel, mast, spar & sail. \$3,500. 12' WWII US Navy Punt. \$200. 12' Toy Town Plywood Skiff. \$75.
TONY GAMBALE, East Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462 (7)



Thorell 17' Double Ender, Swedish built ocean sailing canoe, ca. '14. Compl, hull nds restoration. \$1,000.
BILL WHEELER, New Preston, CT, (860) 868-0828 (8)



Ranger 21 Trailable Pocket Trawler, 21'x7'8"x2', 27hp Yanmar Diesel 750hrs, extremely efficient, 1 quart fuel/hr @ 6kts. 12gal fuel tank, 300 mi range. Pilot house w/wheel & small dbl V berth. Vy seaworthy, has spent 99% of life in fresh water. Vy thick fg hull w/teak & mahogany trim. Skeg protected prop. New bottom paint & brite work. \$14,000.
JACK ANDERSON, Marietta, GA, (404) 310-4724 (7)

Wood Penguin, kit-built '66, restored double floor; wood spars: 2 sails; no trlr. \$500 or trade for 12' O'Day Widgeon.
RICHARD ELLERS, Warren, OH, (330) 3996237, GeeRichard@aol.com (7)



12' Swampscott Dory, built this century, fg, lightweight, fast, hardly used. Fixed seat, 1 rowing station, other seats at bow & stern, storage under rowing station. Comes w/oarlocks and fancy expensive oars. \$1,000.
GRACE SCHRAFT, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-4888, graceschraft@verizon.net (7)

BOATS WANTED

Rowboat, lightweight 8'-12', preferably 2 person craft.
DEBORAH HARRIS, Great Barrington, MA, (413) 528-9027, musicmoves@hotmail.com (7)

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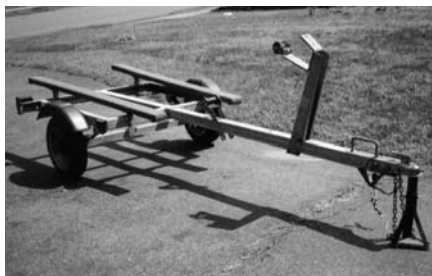


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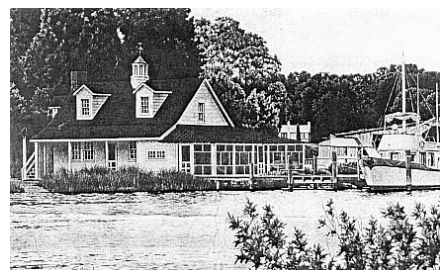
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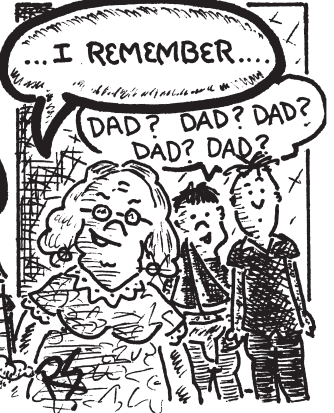
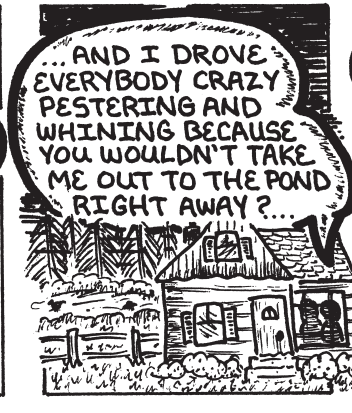
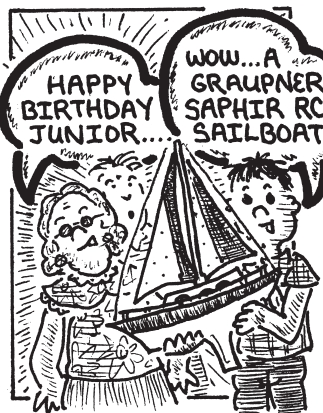
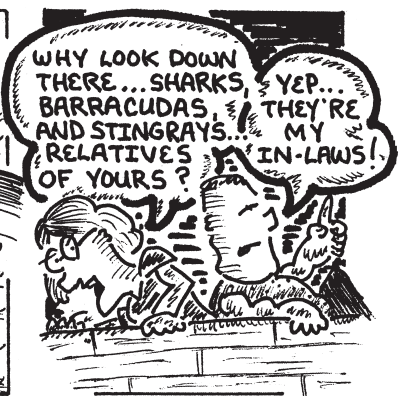
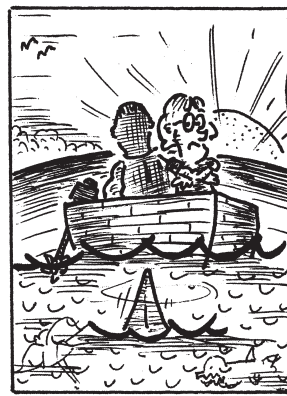
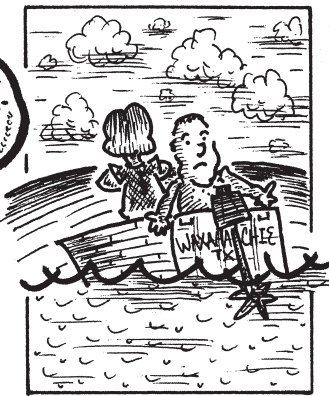
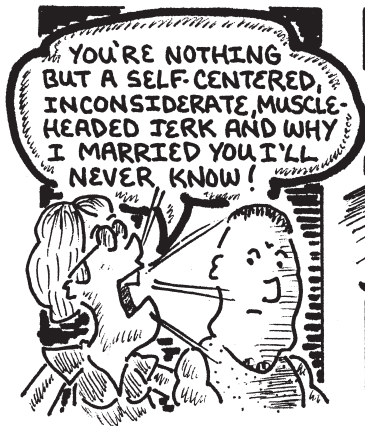


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